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FEBRUARY 23, 1971

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nd the Pluralistic Society
–SEE PAGE 198

NATIONAL REVIEW

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ORSON BEAN

The Priorities Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out
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- ☐ "Poverty causes crime."
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by Bernard Lande Cohen

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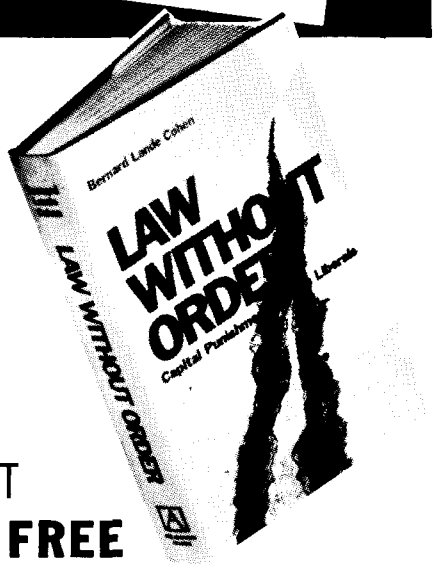

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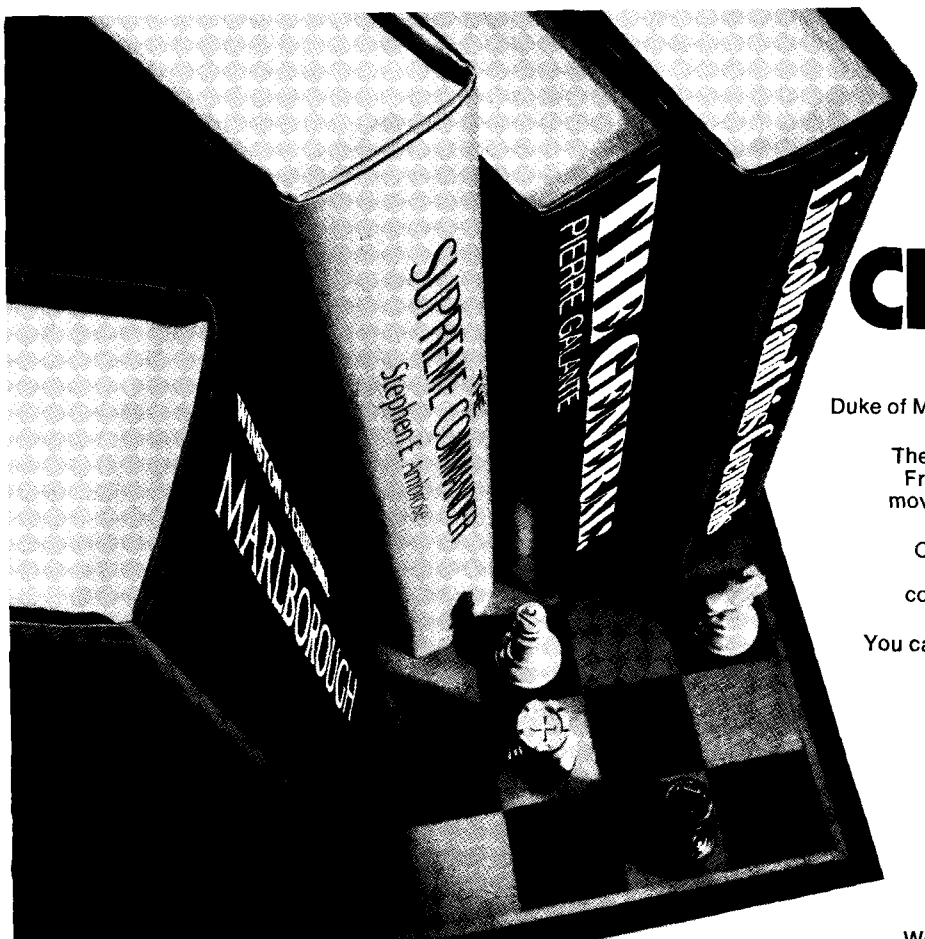

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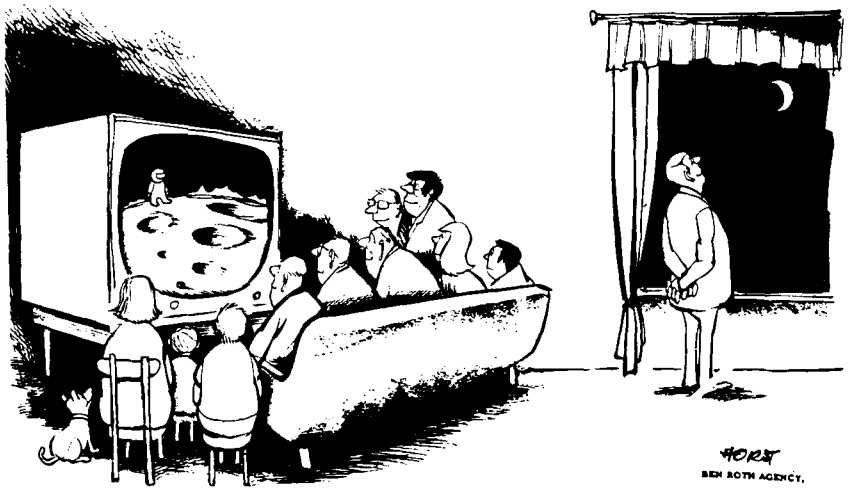
FOR THE RECORD

■ Campuses preparing for springtime blowouts. On some campuses **student leaders** of last year's post-Cambodia fandango have received instructions on when and how to proceed so that all campuses will go up together. Remaining to be set, the exact date, and the reason. **Angela Davis** trial? **Laos**? **Bobby Seale**? Something of the sort. . . . Meanwhile: these dates are sure. April 2 to 4, demonstrations on anniversary of **Martin Luther King**'s assassination. April 24, big antiwar rallies in Washington, D.C. and San Francisco (compliments of National Peace Action Coalition), and May 5, anniversary of **Kent State**, **Jackson State**. . . . Admissions Director **Rex Simond** of Kent State University reports enrollment in next year's freshman class is down 54 per cent, from 1,489 in September 1970 to expected 711 in September '71. . . . A faculty council at **University of Wisconsin** has stripped two male teachers of tenure (they'll be on probation for two or three years) and suspended a woman teacher for a year for taking part in last spring's violent campus demonstrations.



■ Where are they now? Dr. **Max Rafferty**, former superintendent of schools in California and unsuccessful senatorial candidate (against **Alan Cranston** in 1968), has taken job as dean of school of education at Troy State University, in Troy, Alabama. . . . Former Senator **Albert Gore**, who was beaten by **William Brock** last November, told *L.A. Times:* "I have a score to settle with **Nixon**, **Agnew** and Sen. **Howard Baker** [the other Republican senator from Tennessee]." Gore plans to write a book about the President and election maneuvering. . . . **David Wilson**, who was the able finance chairman of Bill Brock's campaign, has been named co-chairman of the GOP National Finance Committee. . . . Conservative Party of New York, flush from its success in electing **James Buckley** to the U.S. Senate, is setting its sights on 1972 targets, trying to raise a budget of $140,000 this year to keep up the good work. It is also, incidentally, scheduling a victory banquet for Sen. Buckley at the Waldorf Astoria, Wednesday, March 3 (for info call: 689-8400). . . . The Right's answer to **John W. Gardner**'s Common Cause could be **Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton**'s new Committee To Unite America. Among the sponsors, *NR* contributors: **John Chamberlain**, **Henry Hazlitt**, **Anthony Harrigan**, **Russell Kirk**, **Eugene Lyons**, **Stefan Possony**.

■ The Soviet Supreme Court has upheld the three-year labor camp sentence of **Andrei Amalrik**, author of *Will the USSR Survive until 1984?*, which surprised no one, least of all Amalrik's lawyer **Vladimir Schveisky**, who was informed the day before the appeal that the Ministry of Justice had asked the Collegium of Defense Lawyers to expel him (which means he can't practice), and that he might also be thrown out of the Communist Party. . . . Russia has also expelled Norwegian correspondent **Per Egil Hegge**—the fifteenth Western newsman to be bounced in eighteen months—for the sin of talking to Nobel Prize novelist **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn**. . . . Dr. **Robert Adelstein**, in letter to *Washington Post*, suggests the National Symphony Orchestra perform the first movement of a Dvorak Cello Concerto, as scheduled, on April 13, but without a solo part as "a tribute to **Mstislav Rostropovich** and the freedom he so fiercely desires." Russia has refused to allow Rostropovich to leave the country because of his public defense of Solzhenitsyn.

■ The final near-disaster in **Apollo 14** flight: just as they approached the earth's atmosphere, there had to be a rerouting of some key ground tracking networks because of the Los Angeles earthquake. . . . Drs. **Kenneth Castleman** and **Robert Nathan** say some of the equipment devised for moon exploration can be refined for use in analyzing chromosomes and in discovering the reasons for hereditary disorders. . . . **Gideon** Was There: future moon explorers may discover a microfilmed copy of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible left on the moon in a fireproof pack by astronaut **Ed Mitchell**, with the first verse of Genesis—"In the beginning God created heaven and earth"—translated into sixteen languages.

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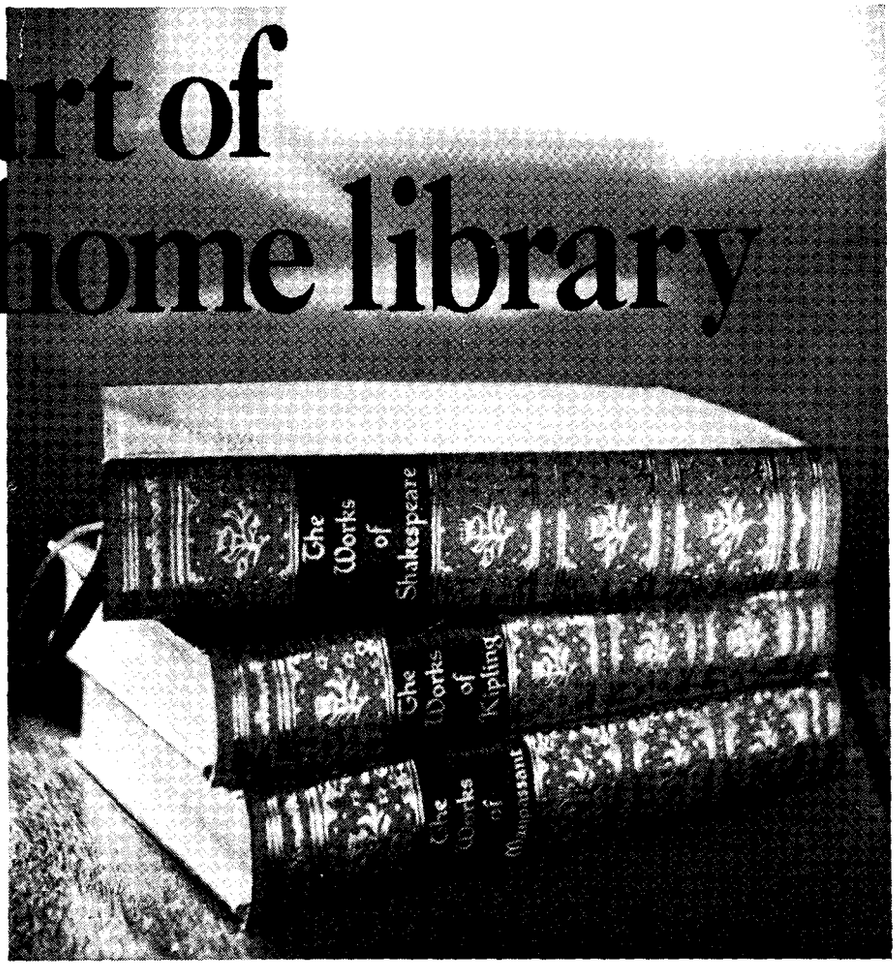

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LETTERS

Sorry about That!

I was elated to find that you had made "John Gilligan, new Governor of Illinois" ["For the Record," Jan. 26]. Alas, he has already started to solve all the ills of Ohio (using the taxpayers' money, of course).

In fact, the latest rumor going the rounds is that His Honor is trying to appropriate $300 million to build a dyke around our capital, Columbus. I understand it is his intention to fill it full of bull . . . er, odoriferous organic manure and rename our fair capital "Gilligan's Island." While you probably owe the people of Illinois an apology, I, for one, wish you were right.

Cincinnati, Ohio JAMES F. CLYBOURN

Look, we have enough problems with *Richard B. Ogilvie, Republican* Governor of Illinois—without any help from ADA.

This reminds me of my southern relatives who think John Lindsay is mayor of Chicago. I usually just let it go at that.

Glencoe, Ill. JANE NELSON

Abortion: Two Replies

Mrs. Luce, in her review-article on *The Morality of Abortion*, says that "the prime task" of opponents of abortion is to convince women that they should prefer their own death to committing abortions. This is nonsense! No country at any time in history that I know of, and certainly no American state, has prohibited abortion under all circumstances. The American common and statutory law followed medieval law in permitting an abortion when necessary to save the life of the mother. Mrs. Luce misstates the issue in a fantastic fashion when she suggests that the abandonment of the right of self-defense is the position of opponents of legal abortion.

Furthermore, it is a little difficult to tell what book she has been reading when she announces with triumph and surprise that the opponents of abortion view abortion emotionally as something not quite murder. Much of the burden of our book was to show that while, obviously, people felt emotionally different about abortion than about murder, emotion was not a very good basis for making laws. It is, however, inflammatory and destructively emotional for Mrs. Luce to suggest that the writers in our book should treat women who consent to abortions as murderesses. Both law and morality have always distinguished the various circumstances of an act, and among those circumstances is the emotional pressure on a person to commit it. To kill a man, for example, is manslaughter if done in a passion. To kill a fetus is abortion and not murder: common language reflects common sentiment in making a distinction based on the circumstances of the act.

I also could not escape from the feeling that Mrs. Luce had glanced rather hurriedly at the chapter in our book on the history of abortion when she chose to repeat the old, discredited statement that the Church, at one time, did not consider abortion of a fetus to be a crime if the fetus were below a certain age. As is made clear with abundant documentation in our book, the Church has always held that the killing of a fetus, at any stage, is a mortal sin.

I was finally made fully aware of the perils of using irony when I found Mrs. Luce citing the introduction, which she did read, as showing I believed that a great many respectable authorities, such as the *New York Times*, had endorsed abortion and thereby given it a new status. I am only surprised now that she did not repeat my remark that I found the doctors' demand for unrestricted authority to decide who should live or die to be a modest proposal.

Berkeley, Calif. JOHN T. NOONAN JR.

For more on the subject of legalized abortion, please see the article by Will Herberg on page 198 of this issue.

—ED.

I appreciated very much all the space NATIONAL REVIEW gave to my abortion book, and the very nice review by Clare Boothe Luce [Jan. 12].

Under such circumstances one hates to split hairs. But I have this thing about my name, which is *Daniel* Callahan and not David. David Callahan may be a splendid person, but he is not the author of *Abortion: Law, Choice and Morality*.

DANIEL CALLAHAN

Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Test Ban Treaty

In his "Thoughts on Helsinki" [Dec. 29], Lewis L. Strauss criticizes the 1963 Test Ban Treaty as lacking the safeguard of verification. This criticism is simply and plainly wrong.

The text of the treaty prohibits nuclear explosions "in the atmosphere; beyond its limits, including outer space; or underwater, including territorial waters or high seas; or [which would result in radioactivity outside territorial limits of the responsible state]." It does not prohibit underground explosions.

The United States has spent several million dollars on monitoring systems to observe Soviet compliance with this treaty. These systems are highly effective. They are made neither less effective nor more expensive by the fact that the Treaty makes no mention of them. It was neither necessary nor desirable to collaborate with the Soviets on their characteristics; we have all the verification we require without any Soviet assistance. Admiral Strauss' assertion that "the principle of verification was abandoned" is wholly false; the Treaty was drafted in exactly a way that would permit us to verify Soviet compliance by our own efforts.

It is mildly amusing that Admiral Strauss should fail to notice the possibility of unilateral verification of certain nuclear tests. In his book, *Men and Decisions*, he refers with completely justifiable pride to the leading role he played in 1947-49 in establishing a U.S. monitoring system.

I should emphasize that this is *not* to argue that the Soviets can simply be "trusted" and that we should do so. The only thing that we can "trust" the Soviets to do is to act in their national interests as they calculate them—and that calculation will not, in critical cases, generally be influenced by a sensitive regard for world opinion, still less for our opinion.

DONALD G. BRENNAN

Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Thrust—Parry

Re "Delectations" [Jan. 12]: Yes, dear Nika Hazelton, unlike Santa Claus, sociology does really exist. With regards,

DANIEL BELL
Professor of Sociology

Cambridge, Mass. Harvard University

Dear Daniel Bell: Show me. With regards,

New York, N.Y. NIKA HAZELTON

Viable Alternatives

In answer to James Burnham ["The Great Retreat," Dec. 15], this is what's wrong with Charles Benson's proposal: a) It disregards the problems of policing the desert and protecting oil fields and pipelines from sabotage by desert-wise commandos, and b) Libyan—in fact all Arab—oil is not important to the U.S. as oil. It is sold in Europe and is a prime earner of foreign exchange. Seizing Libya would cause repercussions in other U.S.-held oil concessions—Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait—which are at least as important as Libya. Furthermore, anti-America Europeans could use this as a pretext to shift away from reliance on American companies—Caltex and Shell, for instance

(Continues on page 215)

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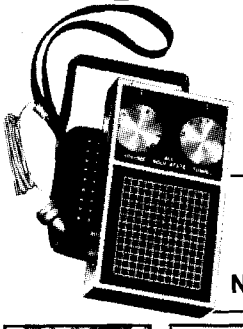

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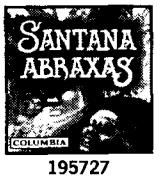

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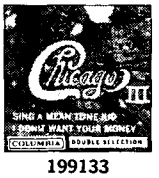

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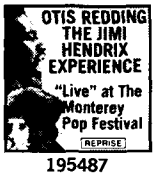

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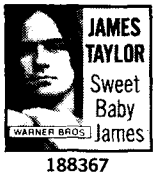

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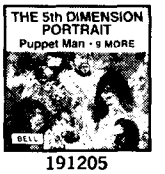

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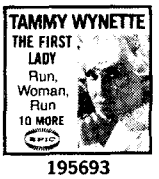

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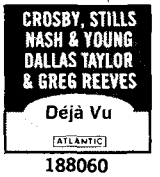

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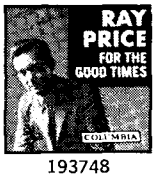

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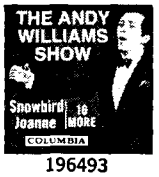

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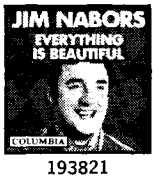

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THE WEEK

■ After centuries of good government, Switzerland has given women the vote.

■ Rep. William R. Anderson (D., Tenn.) has, literally, surfaced in the U.S. Congress: He used to be the skipper of the submarine *Nautilus*. He has also surfaced as one of the most prominent aficionados of the Berrigan brothers. Several weeks ago, in a long and turgid speech on the House floor, he depicted the U.S. as being in the midst of a vast repression; now, in an address to a National Council of Churches meeting in Louisville, Ky., Anderson has called out the mob: "Dedicated young men and women in all of our major cities quite properly will dramatize their frustrations in an endless series of demonstrations that will be designed for political effect. . . . The demonstrations that are to come [in connection with the Berrigan trial] are not in and of themselves illegal or improper. In fact they can be an asset to a nation which seeks truth from the governed people." Truth, presumably, being impossible to establish in the courtroom. Anderson wound up Jacobinically: "Let the church go into the streets and let us, too, bring the street demonstrators into our courtroom." Lucky he's no longer in command of a nuclear sub.

■ A young convict we know desired to go to a California college upon his release from prison. Understandably short of funds, he applied for financial assistance and was told that the California state welfare department would in fact give financial aid to ex-convicts—but only to make a down-payment on a car; not to go to college.

■ There it is, a huge picture of the moon with the sites of the Apollo 12 and 14 landings, on the front-page of the Communist *Daily World*, Feb. 6, with the following dialectically delicious caption: "U.S. ASTRONAUTS EXPLORED MOON YESTERDAY, but joblessness hit a new high. As Rev. Ralph Abernathy [Martin Luther King's successor] put it at the Angela Davis birthday tribute Tuesday: 'There is a conspiracy to spend billions of dollars to send a man to the moon and to send Agnew around the world to distribute some moon rocks while forty million Americans live in poverty.'"

■ On top of the news with Fulton Lewis III (*Exclusive*, Feb. 5): "After two White House huddles with Pentagon and State Department officials, Mr. Nixon has decided tentatively to postpone or perhaps even cancel the scheduled attack against Communist installations in Laos."

■ We pay farmers to not-grow crops, don't we? So what is so strange about our support for the United Nations? It just so happens, smarty-pants, that the UN is doing such a swell job it needs a whole new building. Nothing fancy, mind you; it will only cost $80 million, of which the U.S. taxpayer is being asked for only $20 million, except of course his share of costs met out of the regular UN budget ($8 million of $25), out of the UN Development Program and Children's Fund ($6 million of $15) plus $12 million in land and $20 in cash donated by John Lindsay, so it's only $66 million out of $80 million and *we need that building*. Don't forget *that*. Who are you going to listen to, anyway, Assistant Secretary Samuel De Palma, who confirms that "additional office space is urgently required," or Congressman H. R. Gross, who wonders why the UN can't get along without an amateur radio club, art club, badminton club, ballet club, ballroom dancing club, bonsai club, bowling club, bridge club, camera club, chess club, cinema club, cricket club, Esperanto club, folk dance club, golf club, gourmet club, gun club, gym club, jazz society, judo club, music club, physical fitness club, press club, riding club, self-defense club, ski club, soccer club, softball club, study and travel club, table tennis club, tai chi club and tennis club, and that's a stupid question anyway because we play golf *outside*, and everybody needs a place for nonviolent activity, and where are we going to put the roulette wheels?

■ Even Slippery Rock. The Christmas issue of the *Rocket*, Slippery Rock State College's student paper, features a full front-page poster. "Wanted," it reads, for "genocide, homicide, conspiracy . . . for conspiring to murder tens of thousands of American soldiers and at least one million Vietnamese. He is also wanted in connection with murders of 28 Black Panthers, four Kent State students, and two Jackson State students." The criminal? Richard M. Nixon.

■ Remember poor old Mr. Dick in *David Copperfield*, who spent his life trying to write his memoirs but couldn't make them come out right because King Charles I kept getting into the narrative? Garry Wills' latest column is a long love-song to Ruby Keeler, star of Busby Berkeley's musicals of the Twenties, now back on the stage in a revival of *No, No, Nanette*. Until we get to the final paragraph: "It was 1925, the end of some bad things . . . and the beginning of some other ones (J. Edgar Hoover had just taken over as FBI chief). . . . It is

Hands Off Spiro Agnew

You can teach a Dalmatian to heel,
  Or a parrot to parody "polly."
Bernard Shaw made a cockney genteel;
  Good pr made a hit out of *Dolly*.
Ludendorff, in a masterly ploy,
  Fashioned Hindenburg into a hero.
But my programming's rigged to destroy
  Politicians who tinker with Spiro.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Sure, it works for a while. But as we conservatives know, economic laws cannot be repealed by government decree. Sooner or later, runaway inflation must end—in disaster.

THE CONSERVATIVE ADVANTAGE

Wall Street may act as if there is no tomorrow; we know better. The recurring gold-monetary crises are a warning that the end is in sight. Forewarned, we can take steps to protect ourselves while there is still time to act. But how?

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good of Ruby to remind us of those years in these tenser, much later days of her contemporary, J. Edgar, who has *not* learned how to age graciously or retire to a supporting role."

■ Let's see . . . Auto sales are down sharply—only 8.5 million cars last year. Rolls-Royce has collapsed. Volkswagens have been found to be death-traps. Auto insurance rates are skyrocketing—up 38 per cent, for instance, in Massachusetts. Oh, yes—Ted Kennedy just got his driver's license back.

■ The crime rate in Washington, D.C. has dropped for the first time in fourteen years, clap hands—crime in 1970 was 5.2 per cent below the 1969 level (and still a zillion per cent or so above, say, 1948). Which really isn't all that wonderful anyway; all it means is that potential victims are being more careful. According to Walter Trohan, veteran D.C. reporter for the *Chicago Tribune*, crime has dropped sharply in downtown Washington because downtown has become deserted: Merchants have gone out of business; restaurants call people up and offer free dinners to increase patronage; one sent letters to former customers asking if they were dissatisfied and two hundred replied that they "just don't go downtown any more"; one Washingtonian pushed aside a holdup man's gun, saying: "You don't think I'm fool enough to carry any money in this town." More and more, says Trohan, muggers and such are moving out into the middle-class residential districts.

■ Uh, Dick, was that "expansive" or "expensive"?

■ The Shortest Point between Two Lines Is Not a Straight Distance; or, How to Compromise, Communist Style. East Germany has offered to ease restrictions on travel from West Berlin to West Germany, from West Berlin to East Germany and even—if all goes well—from West Berlin to East Berlin, if West Berlin will just agree to one teensy condition. Cut all ties to Bonn.

■ Holland is the place where the Church really swings, right? Beat Masses, bongo drums, priests getting married, sermons on Che and Marx, homosexuals getting married, right? The spearhead of the Pop Reformation, right? Wrong. Or at least the tide appears to be turning. Dutch Catholicism, it develops, has a big silent majority which now has been activated by the appointment of the Rev. Adrian Simonis, a conservative, as Bishop of Rotterdam. When Pope Paul named him to this post the progressive media waxed wrathful—only to be deluged by an unexpected torrent of letters supporting Simonis, and far outnumbering the attacks. The Vatican III, oops, Consciousness III types are jittery.

■ Anglophiles have found much to delight them in public reaction to the British postal strike. There have been as many as eleven private postal services advertised in a single *Times* (London) classified section. Most of the services have their own stamps; some of these have pictures of Winston Churchill or Big Ben or a bulldog; one company, "Snail Mail," has a picture of a snail wearing a bowler and carrying an umbrella, over a background composed of the word "slow." And the *Times* letters section during the first week of the strike included the following: "The problems of being one's own postman these days are made no easier when, as too often, the building which is one's target—locked and unoccupied outside of business hours—lacks a letter box. Occupiers of such premises, and enterprising salesmen for letter boxes, please act!" and "Perhaps the postal strike may produce some slight advantages as a side issue. Many local letters will, no doubt, be delivered by hand and those who had almost forgotten how to walk should improve in health!" The sun has not quite set . . .

■ A Maoist-inspired faction of the Irish Republican Army, seemingly with the support of much of the Catholic populace, has been waging a large-scale guerrilla war on British troops in Northern Ireland. Women and children take to the streets by day, heaving stones and bottles at the British occupation force. By night the men use everything from acid bombs to land mines powerful enough to wipe out an entire platoon of British soldiers. Observers see no end to the Irish stew, only that it will get even hotter.

■ Love means never dragging your husband to see *Love Story*.

Nixonology

During the past few weeks the Nixon Administration has begun to unveil an astonishing number of programs, and though the details remain to be filled in, the various proposals made so far do have one distinctive common denominator: They elude, or tend to elude, the traditional distinctions between liberal and conservative. Thus, both liberals and conservatives are to be found supporting, often for different reasons, the idea of revenue sharing. Conservatives like to see powers of decision returned to the state and local levels; liberals see in it a possible approach to "the urban problem" and a way of pouring in more money with less federal red tape. On the other hand, both liberals and conservatives are to be found among the opponents of the plan.

Even the Family Assistance Plan, considered by itself, tends to fall into this pattern. Conservatives will not tolerate adding FAP to the present structure, but, since FAP approaches the welfare problem by providing cash rather than specific services to the recipients, it could phase out large chunks of the welfare bureaucracy—and this has conservative appeal. On the other hand, as a kind of guaranteed income, it gains liberal approval. In one important respect, the debate over FAP eludes ideological definition altogether, raising what might be called the Friedman-Banfield issue. Milton Friedman argues that the poor ought to receive money rather than services

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through a negative income tax. Edward C. Banfield says no, the "lower class" tends to be (as he terms it) "present-oriented," incapable of prudent management, and therefore requires the services. The Nixon Administration, with some misgivings, has opted for the Friedman approach.

Some sort of national health insurance is also in the process of formulation, and it seems likely that there the pattern will continue to hold. It will not be socialized medicine, as in England. The private sector will play the central role. And though it will appeal to liberals—if not as much as Kennedy's forthcoming ploy—nevertheless, it will also have plenty of appeal to Middle America, a political reality which it is not especially "conservative" to ignore.

The most recent Administration proposals, on pollution control, are also ideologically elusive. Legislation will be introduced to control noise, to restrict ocean dumping, and to limit the commercial use of toxic substances. The use of lead in gasoline and the air-polluting sulphur content of fuels will be taxed. Other measures will establish a national land-use policy—with, however, decision-making powers placed at the state level—federal water-quality standards, and restrictions on industrial and municipal discharges into virtually all U.S. waters. Conservatives will naturally be sensitive to the impact some of these measures may have upon costs, but conservatives cannot comfortably argue that business and industry have an unrestrictable right to pollute rivers, oceans and air, which are a common possession and on which generations yet unborn obviously have very good claims. On the other hand, liberals will object to these proposals only on points of detail, and, of course, on the unstated grounds that it is Nixon who proposes them.

The recent fifteenth anniversary issue of *NR* suggested that we have entered the post-liberal era when much of the former controversy over liberalism may have become obsolescent. There is a great deal about the Nixon proposals that supports this notion.

Counterrevolution along the Mekong

About the current and long overdue move to cut the Ho Chi Minh Trail through Laos, several necessary points can be made in short order.

—Despite the wails of the McGoverns et al., this is not an "expansion of the war." In 1962, in a treaty negotiated by Averell Harriman, the Hanoi regime solemnly promised not to use the Laotian trails as supply routes. Immediately, of course, the flow of supplies down the trails vastly increased. Hanoi expanded the war into Laos. We have now made a belated response.

—The current move was logically entailed by last spring's Cambodian operation, which closed the other main supply route, by sea through Sihanoukville. If the South Vietnamese now succeed in blocking the northern supply route, the 400,000 North Vietnamese and other Communist troops in Laos, Cambodia and South Vietnam—particularly those organized in large regular formations—will be in grave jeopardy.

The clear implication that privileged sanctuaries no longer exist poses a serious—perhaps definitive—problem for the "war of national liberation" strategy announced by Khrushchev in 1960.

—President Nixon greatly improved his handling of the domestic aspects. Unlike last May, there were no melodramatic announcements this time, and Nixon actually left town for a long weekend in the Virgin Islands. The incursion took place, perhaps not coincidentally, at the same time as the attention-diverting space shot. And it occurred during the winter, which keeps all but the most fanatical Yahoos indoors.

—The complaints about the temporary news blackout are of course phony. Though no responsible correspondent would jeopardize lives or the success of the operation through premature releases, unfortunately many correspondents are not responsible. Those complaining about the temporary news blackout have not, to our knowledge, been vociferous as regards the strict and continuous censorship practiced by the Israelis, for instance.

—Nixon's handling of the situation has split the dove bloc. Relatively responsible doves like Sen. George Aiken have supported the move, leaving only the hard-core losers.

Those who, like George McGovern, both lament American casualties and oppose the interdiction of the supply routes are obvious hypocrites and should be laughed out of public life.

—Of course, the Laotian move was integrally related to the 1972 Presidential election. Clearly, Hanoi planned a steady buildup of forces in the Laotian panhandle preparatory to a repeat of Tet during the 1971-72 dry season. Such a repeat performance could seriously damage Nixon, even as it did LBJ. This time, it might well lead to the election of an all-out dove. The Laotian move checkmates this. Thus Nixon wins the Laotian Presidential primary, the earliest one held this year.

—Finally, the move, at the very least, buys valuable time for the South Vietnamese to strengthen their forces; but it does more than that. It faces Hanoi with the ques-

Thinking Beautiful Thoughts

Dr. Linus Pauling's not
Someone whom I like a lot.
If he stuck to science, I'd
Find it easy to subside;
But the doctor gets his kicks
Butting into politics.
Recently, however, he
Started publicizing "C."
Shorn of cant and cock and bull,
Linus Pauling's beautiful.

W. H. von Dreele

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Memo to: all NR Readers

From: J.P. McFadden

Re: a remarkable book by a remarkable man

National Review readers know Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn as a man of many, many talents: world traveller, peripatetic correspondent, prolific writer, fantastic linguist (if I remember rightly, he speaks nine and reads 20!), expert on Communism, Leftism, European problems, Asian difficulties, South American situations, etc., etc. and etc.

Would you believe his very best writings are on religion? If you are the kind of person who is interested in today's revolution in religion (and/or someone who feels the need to do a little serious reflecting at this time of year), read on -- for "The Timeless Christian" is a rare treat, an unusual and highly readable book that will inform and delight you. Originally published in German, this fast-paced volume is primarily concerned with the startling changes (after centuries of rigidity) in the Catholic Church. However, it is by no means of interest to Catholics only: there are fascinating discussions of the Left/liberal foundations of "modern" Christianity; why "pluralism" is a misleading slogan; an illuminating analysis of what is really involved in "mixed" marriages; why the "vernacular" promotes disunity, and -- this chapter alone is worth the price of the book -- a serious discussion of the Devil in today's world.

To me, what makes this book doubly enjoyable is the wealth of pithy, thought-provoking quotes, as, for instance: "Robert Louis Stevenson once said: 'Man does not live by bread alone, but chiefly by catchwords.' Because we live in an age when the colossal, oppressive mass of accumulated knowledge makes rational thought so terribly difficult, men once again require slogans that are capable of use as intellectual lubricants enabling us to come, quite smoothly, to snap judgments."

I could go on and on about this book, but here's the point: if you are interested in these timeless subjects, don't miss this opportunity to get your copy of "The Timeless Christian" free and postpaid (all you have to do is use the handy-card facing this page to subscribe or renew now -- all the details are on the card -- just fill it out and mail it back to us).

I realize that such a book is not for everybody, but I'm convinced that "The Timeless Christian" is one of the most unusual premium books we have ever offered -- something really different -- and I would be delighted to send you your free copy along with your subscription. Please use the card now, though -- our supply of books is strictly limited, and we may never be able to repeat this offer.

J.P.M.

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tion: If the ARVN can cut the trail this year, why not next year, and the year after that—as long as the Communist invasion is pressed? And suppose, one day, the South Vietnamese air force closes Haiphong Harbor?

Moon Men and Moon Robots

The moon programs of both the United States and the Soviet Union represent so weighty a national commitment and incorporate such vast aggregates of money, people, institutions and resources that they cannot be thought of as expressing merely individual or accidental choices. Both, rather, in their basic similarities and their fundamental differences, must be understood as profound expressions of the respective cultures. Probably no difference between the two is more fundamental than the one that is plainest to the most naïve eye: Men ride our rockets to the moon; robots, theirs.

NR chooses to believe—and we think we have reason to believe—that this is one more and a very striking symbol of the fact that our society is the less mechanical, the more human and humane. We are not satisfied with a merely mechanical triumph divorced from intimate relation with human beings. No nation has been as concerned as ours to expand the output of mechanical energy, but we have always kept a close, continuous relation—for better or worse—between man and his energy producers. The astronaut in his space ship, even though as hero he is now linked to an incredibly complex technical and human organism, is perfectly in the tradition of our national mythology. He is the contemporary version of the lone cowboy ranging on his gallant steed across the cactus-strewn desert, John Paul Jones on the bridge of his cruiser, Charles Lindbergh alone in the empty skies over the North Atlantic, Admiral Peary moving over the Arctic ice. . . .

There have been all sorts of arguments over the relative "scientific" merits of manned *v.* unmanned space flight. These seem to us relatively unimportant: The scientific and technological results and by-products of both are immense, though not wholly predictable. But surely there can be no real doubt that as a human enterprise manned flight is of an altogether different order, beyond and above mere mechanical probing. It was not an sf magazine but London's sober *Economist* that declared last year, in an editorial discussing the future of American and Soviet space policies, that whatever the interim goals the only true long-term objective of a space program is human colonization. In 1960 President John F. Kennedy set as the space goal for the decade ahead the manned flights to the moon that have been so triumphantly achieved. What if President Richard Nixon should announce, tomorrow, that by the end of the Seventies we will establish on the moon mankind's first permanent off-earth settlement?

The Berrigans in Focus

About the legal processes now involving the Harrisburg Six—ah, the return of that beloved terminology; the Editors of NATIONAL REVIEW now think of themselves as the Thirty-fifth Street Four—there is a certain austere beauty. The defendants have entered their pleas of not guilty, their lawyers are conferring, some day the jury will be chosen, the evidence presented, and the appeals begun. Meanwhile, in Richmond, Va., a federal court of appeals has listened to arguments that the six-year sentence already given Philip Berrigan was too severe—and rejected them. The law and our legal institutions function to de-ideologize and to cut through irrelevant emotion.

Even as, outside the courtroom, the affair was becoming a sort of left-wing *Going My Way*. Mary McGrory loves every minute of it. She found the Harrisburg courtroom a scene "of early Christian joy against uptightness."

"What about the bumps?"

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Spanish I Goes Relevant

A great many students attending colleges and universities in the United States will, if they decide to take an introductory Spanish course, use a required text entitled *Modern Spanish*, which is "a Project of the Modern Language Association." The book, published by Harcourt-Brace, is truly a great breakthrough in the continuing crusade to make all forms of education, higher or lower, *relevant* to the student of *today*. Yes, no more stuffy grammar exercises devoid of social significance. No more phony characters or tales that fail to reflect reality.

The relevancy exhibited by *Modern Spanish* serves as a guiding light, cutting through the fog of educational orthodoxy. Here is, verbatim, a tale from page 205 (second edition), entitled "The University and Politics," which features three characters, Don Antonio ("A"), Ricardo ("R") and a paperboy ("P") and tells of the latest fascist outrage:

A: Ricardo, Ricardo! Come here. What's going on? Why's everybody running?

R: The police fired on a student demonstration; it was something awful.

A: Murderers! Cowards! There's never been a government as bad as this one! But they'll pay for it all right.

R: Sh . . . calm down, Don Antonio, somebody'll hear you. Let's go inside and talk.

R: You know that today is the anniversary of the death of the university leader, Gustavo Díaz.

A: Yes, sure, and his comrades went to put flowers on his tomb. What's so bad about that?

R: Nothing, an admirable gesture. But it was also a pretext for speeches against the president.

A: It serves him right. That tyrant deserves them. And then what? I suppose the police made one of their shameful attacks upon them.

R: Yes, and without respecting the sacred place they were in, they broke up the demonstration with clubs and guns.

R: It's a good thing the elections are coming up soon. The opposition has a much stronger party than the government.

A: But is it possible you still believe in free elections? Don't be so simple-minded. Only a revolution can carry us to power.

P: Extra! Extra! All about the trouble this morning at the cemetery! Extra! Extra, sir?

A: Look at those headlines, Ricardo.

R: Let's buy it, just so we can see the lies put out by the government.

And if that be not relevant enough for the student, the authors append a "Cultural Note" at the conclusion of the dialogue:

"Latin American university students play a much more active role in the political life of their countries than do American college students. The university is regarded as an institution that provides informal apprenticeship in politics. . . . Students often cooperate with workers in labor strikes, and at times student demonstrations and uprisings have led to the fall of dictatorial regimes."

After that, who can say that Spanish has no relevance for today's American student? But the careful reader will notice that the "Cultural Note" is already outdated, and therefore irrelevant.

—Lawrence Polon, David Bland

The defendants "were hugging and kissing each other and smiling and beaming." Though Egbal Ahmad doesn't claim to be an early Christian, his "dark eyes" gleamed. Sister Elizabeth McAlister has "a voice like rain on the roof." Fathers Neil McLaughlin and Joseph Wenderoth are "boyish, neat, open-faced."

Garry Wills has been virtually undone by it all. He considers Daniel Berrigan a "great preacher" who with a single taped sermon has converted Bernardine Dohrn to nonviolence. The methods of the great preacher, says Wills, are similar to those of, well, Jesus Christ, and if the Berrigans are guilty he trembles for his country: "If idealistic people, used to self-scrutiny and moral reasoning, did reach this extreme of despair over the nonviolent tactics used in the past, think how wild the less thoughtful young radicals must be. If the best [sic] are engaged in a plot of this sort, what can we expect or hope from the rest?" He finds the whole thing a "human tragedy," carefully distinguishing it from animal tragedies.

To the candid gaze, however, the Berrigans do not seem such paragons. A play by Daniel Berrigan, *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*, opened in New York last week at a Presbyterian church and it is prefaced by a personal statement from the priest-author himself. When he first received Holy Orders, says Berrigan, he felt that he had become a eunuch and as a result was convinced that he had to undertake militant social protest. Mmmmm. The play itself, while concentrating on the Berrigans' assault on the Catonsville draft records, also attacks virtually every aspect of American domestic and foreign policy, and sees us as the successors of the Nazis. One generally reliable theater critic (Richard Watts of the *New York Post*) found in it "an embarrassing note of moral smugness," and felt "a little uncomfortable" at the sight of the Berrigans "telling us so confidently of their superior nobility."

Father Andrew Greely, a writer and social scientist, commenting on the Berrigans in the *Holy Cross Quarterly*, compares Daniel with the "self-righteous fanatics" who are familiar in revolutionary movements. "There isn't much doubt," he concludes, "from the various press conferences Father Berrigan participated in before the

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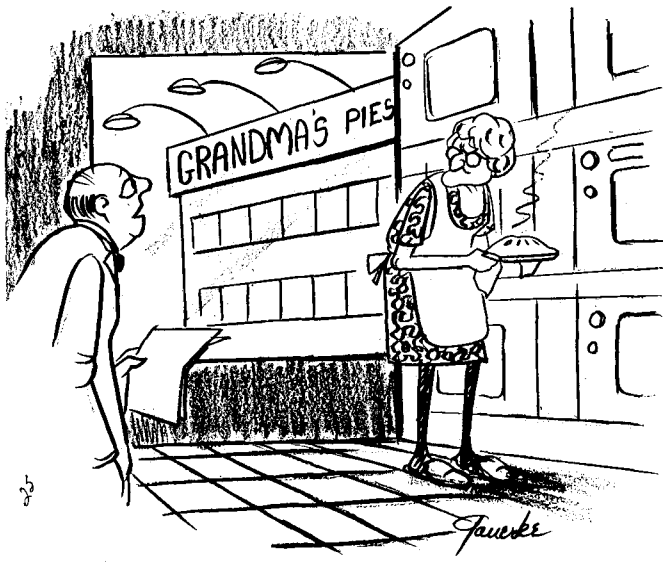

"Bad news, Grandma—You've been declared unsafe by Ralph Nader."

FBI finally hunted him down that he denies the legitimacy of American society and is calling for its destruction."

That Berrigan does deny the legitimacy of American society was of course the only possible interpretation of his decision to become a fugitive from the law rather than pay the penalty for breaking it. Nevertheless, the sentimentalists are going to have a field day.

Serving Their Times

What would *you* do if you were the *New York Times* and you woke up one morning to find that the dear old Enemy of the Right you had been using for as long as anyone can remember as a wiggly scarecrow to frighten timid readers had taken on flesh and was suddenly electing governors and senators and running nationwide TV shows and writing one, two and many syndicated newspaper columns and getting appointed to government commissions and entering into communication with the White House?

If you were smart (and the *Times* is plenty smart), sly (and the *Times* is very sly), and ready to use whatever means might serve your purpose (and the *Times* has never hesitated), you would probably do just what the *Times* has lately been doing. You would try, in classic mode, to divide to conquer. Selecting your key target, you would search through the enemy camp for soured or ambitious or naïve irregulars who, with your encouragement and material support, would agree to strike, as it were, from within. The dreary twaddle about the Right dished out year after year by your Tom Wickers and Anthony Lewises and the computers who write your unsigned editorials (it must be computers, since no living human being could produce such lifeless prose) having demonstrably lost its smear appeal, you would provide plenty of space (and a suitable fee, natch) in your Sunday Magazine and on your daily Op Ed page for the spokesmen of the New New Right (which if it didn't exist you would immediately invent) to say their Thing. And, you being the father of Free Speech, you would happily let them say whatever they wanted about the government or business or Vietnam or the Mideast or even the press, excepting only that it is naturally understood without anyone's ever having to mention it that they will naturally include some really swinging blows at the Old New Right, the serious and consequential Right, that is, and in particular at *NR* and its editors and writers and friends, they being at the focus of the conservative movement that has become the factor to be reckoned with. If in the course of the assault, the *Times*' new scribes alter a few facts, distort a few quotations, even lie a little, you can't blame the *Times*, can you? It isn't the *Times* that's saying it; the *Times* is only the free forum, giving every citizen his say. Why, no one could possibly believe the *Times* would suggest that *NR*'s point of view was leading right on into fascism, could he? Of course if the suggestion comes from Professor Murray Rothbard writing in columns of the *Times*, why that's simply free speech, isn't it?

And the operation is 100 per cent safe from your, that is from the *Times*', point of view. The recruits signed on differ in age, brains and manners, but are all alike in the political sterility that follows from their occasionally sprightly but always irresponsible doctrines, which are variants, in essence, of atomistic anarchism. Ah, if *they* were the only movement of the Right at hand to worry about, how happy the *Times* could be!

And what would *you* do if it was the *Times* coming to you with its offer of the check and the space to frolic in and only that unspoken little proviso about the Old New Right in the background? You say you do have some points of your own you would like to make, but the *Times* is not your idea of a friend and ally and you're not ready to do the *Times*' dirty work for it? Then, clearly, you're not Karl Hess or Stan Lehr or Louis Rossetto Jr. or Jerome Tuccille or Professor Murray Rothbard. The *Times*, obviously, is their kind of paper.

New Warning Signs for the Dollar

The impact of the U.S. recession, the continuing dismal performance of U.S. exports, and Washington's strenuous attempts to get the economy moving again are now beginning to have disturbing international repercussions. In an almost unprecedented display of weakness, the U.S. dollar during the past few weeks has traded on foreign exchange markets at a discount against every other major world currency. Even the usually anemic British pound and Italian lira, as well as the perennially strong German mark and Japanese yen, have been trading at or

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near the upper limits of the ranges allowed by the rules of the International Monetary Fund.

Further evidence of dollar weakness in recent weeks is apparent in the publicly announced loss of $640 million in reserves to Belgium and Holland and the use of over $200 million in IMF Special Drawing Rights to pay off debts to other countries. No doubt there were unannounced sales of gold to these countries as well. There has been little public awareness of such developments, because the free-market price of gold, the usual medium for announcing that the dollar has got into trouble, has lost much of its symptomatic significance in recent years, thanks to South Africa's practice of diverting some of her gold production to the free market when prices rise significantly above $35 an ounce.

However, the relevant officials in Washington, at least, ought to be paying considerably more attention to the international monetary developments than any of them seem to be doing. Their defensive moves so far have consisted mainly of efforts by the Federal Reserve Board to persuade U.S. banks to keep dollars out of the hands of foreign central banks. While the attempt to arouse the domestic economy inevitably gets priority, there seems to be insufficient understanding of the possible international complications from the domestic moves. Plummeting interest rates in this country, aided and abetted by the Federal Reserve Board, may help the economy somewhat, but they also encourage a massive shift by international investors out of dollars and into other currencies. A continuation of this trend, along with a meager surplus in our balance of trade, could cripple the operations of U.S. banks abroad and furnish the incentive for the Common Market countries to displace the dollar as their international trading unit of account. There are already, in fact, Common Market trends in that direction.

The new Democratic Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. John Connally of Texas, apparently expects to spend most of his time pushing the President's domestic programs before skeptical congressional committees. If the position of the dollar continues to weaken, he may find himself spending even more time winging across the Atlantic and trying to set things right with European central bankers. And they aren't even Democrats.

A Pleasant Time Was Had

On February 4 the leadership of the conservative movement gathered at the Sheraton Park Hotel in Washington, D.C. for the second annual Conservative Awards Dinner, sponsored by NATIONAL REVIEW, the American Conservative Union, Young Americans for Freedom and *Human Events*. The occasion honors conservatives, in and out of government, for their efforts during the previous year. This year, awards went to Senator Clifford Hansen (R., Wyo.) and Representative Robert Michel (R., Ill.). M. Stanton Evans, editor of the *Indianapolis News*, was the master of ceremonies and Rep. John Ashbrook (R., Ohio) presented the awards. Rep. Philip Crane (R., Ill.) and the recipients were among those who gave speeches, the major address of the evening being given by Senator James L. Buckley (Con.-R., N.Y.). The theme of the evening was the continuing validity of the conservative stand on the issues of the Sixties and Sen. Buckley spoke of the performance expected from conservatives during the Seventies.

Over six hundred people attended the dinner (up from only two hundred last year), including at least 55 congressmen (fifteen last year). Vice President and Mrs. Spiro Agnew were present as were, among others, Sen. and Mrs. Strom Thurmond, Frank Shakespeare of the USIA, and Special Assistants to the President Harry Dent, Tom Huston and Pat Buchanan. Old acquaintances were renewed, etc., at the dinner but its significance lies elsewhere. In the room were many of the people who came through the still-misunderstood Goldwater era, who are still against deficit spending, rises in the debt ceiling and lukewarm defense. Who are still the leaders of the conservative movement, which is growing and which hopes it can encourage the present Administration in Washington to lean its way.

Addendum

In his article beginning on page 198 of this issue, Will Herberg refers briefly to "the efforts of Norman St. John-Stevas in the House of Commons." Mr. St. John-Stevas is the principal opponent in the House of Commons of the current Abortion Act. The Act, as it now stands, says that an abortion may be performed whenever, in the opinion of two registered doctors, "continuance of pregnancy would involve risks to the life or injury to the physical or mental health of the pregnant woman or the future well-being of herself or of the child or of her children." The one qualification is that a doctor need not perform an abortion against the

Lost Causes

The almost-wons are poignant,
  Like Hannibal and Lee.
Consider Belisarius
  Just losing Italy.
Napoleon, unmindful
  Of Blücher on his flank,
Or William Jennings Bryan when
  His candidacies sank.
I find it very poignant
  Observing Edward Heath
As socialism's architects
  Prepare the fellow's wreath.

W. H. VON DREELE

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dictates of his conscience unless it is necessary to save the mother's life or to prevent "grave permanent injury to the physical or mental health of a pregnant woman."

When this bill was first enacted, its proponents claimed that it was clearly necessary, since there were at that time 100,000 illegal abortions per year, most of them performed on married women who simply could not provide for another child. Mr. St. John-Stevas insists, however, that the most reliable statistics show that illegal abortions never exceeded 20,000 annually, and that the current 40,000-per-year figure for legal abortions is therefore at least a 100 per cent increase. Furthermore, the National Health Service records indicate that only 44.2 per cent of these abortions are performed on married women, hardly an overwhelming majority.

Mr. St. John-Stevas' amendment to the Act would a) require that no abortions be performed on women who have not resided in the United Kingdom for at least six months; b) strengthen the "conscience clause" to state that "the doctor would be under a moral and legal duty of informing the patient of his conscientious objection. Having done that he should have freed himself from any legal liability"; and c) rescind the "social clause" (the one which states that a fetus may be aborted to prevent risks to the well-being of existing children).

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Sirs:

As I am writing this letter I am about to lose all of my patience with the rest of the freshmen men on my floor in this dormitory.

Two days ago I put on my door a quote from Wm. F. Buckley Jr. This quote had to do with the possible victory of Senator Barry Goldwater.

While I was out a group of freshmen men were talking with my roommates. The group of men wanted to know who Wm. F. Buckley Jr. was! When my roommates told them that he was my hero and an ultra-conservative person, the radicals promptly tore it off the door. Also they tore off something that was printed in the *Kentucky Kernal*, the school newspaper. It was my comment during an opinion poll taken among the students.

What I fail to see is that how come the leftists and moderates are allowed to put "peace" symbols and other objects on their doors and I not allowed to put a damn thing up!!!!!

I would appreciate any information on how to handle this problem which is beginning to get on my nerves.

Very truly yours,
David Gilbreath
U. of Kentucky

Dear Mr. Gilbreath: Try taking some quotes from JFK, or from Martin Luther King (you know the kind of quotes) then sticking my name under them, then WOW! you'll have fun after they tear them down. Best, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Thank you for the delightful letter urging me to give an *NR* subscription to someone on my Christmas list. I regret having to report that all of my friends are liberals and I wouldn't want to waste your marvelous mag on people who can't read.

Lest you think me derelict, let it be known that I 1) read every issue of *NR* before even opening *Time* (twice I have labored over the Trans-O-Gram); 2) purchased a converter for my TV so that I could pick up the educational station that carries *Firing Line*; 3) traveled to NYC recently planning to attend the *NR* fifteenth anniversary celebration. I walked about twenty blocks to the *NR* office where a charming lady told me that you might not be present at the event (I wanted you to autograph a copy of *The Unmaking of the Mayor*) and that the speeches would be informal. I decided that under those conditions $17.50 was too great an investment. Imagine my disappointment when I opened a copy of the *NY Times* (you know the feeling) on the morning of November 14 and discovered that not only were you present at the party but also the Senator-elect. Ag. The friend I was visiting in NY took pity on me in my despair and together we heisted one of your brother's campaign posters from a subway car. Forgive me. Didn't I deserve a consolation prize?

Benedicite.

Carolyn Mitchell
University of Tennessee
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Dear Miss Mitchell: Indeed, most appropriately a copy of Answers for Skeptics. *Te salutamus. WFB*

■ We must here, with a stiff lip, report an office catastrophe. The folder containing the finalist entries in the 1970 Prophet of the Year contest vanished overnight without a trace—either picked up for whatever reason by one of the sneak thieves that infest New York offices or discarded inadvertently by the cleaning crew. There is no alternative record. There is no way for us to determine or confirm the winners. We know that Out There are three breasts on which we should be pinning the medals and the checks; we feel dreadful we can't give the super-seers and ourselves the pleasure of hailing their triumph. But we can't. What to do? The best answer we have been able to come up with is to double the prize money in 1971 and allot it to six winners instead of just three, as follows: $600 to the winner, $400 to the second, $300 to the third, $200 to the fourth and $100 each to numbers five and six. It is possible, since all things are possible, that the folder will reappear. If so, we'll finish the grading and award the prizes, and keep the 1971 prizes at the doubled rate. And next year all entries will be kept permanently in a bomb shelter.

—WFB

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WHAT'S AHEAD IN 1971?

- *Will capital punishment be declared unconstitutional?*
- *Will Jackie file for divorce?*
- *Will Franco be out?*
- *Will a major airline go broke?*
- *Will there be a woman in the Cabinet?*

Will You Win $500.00 AND THE TITLE PROPHET OF THE YEAR?

Once again, NATIONAL REVIEW offers its readers and friends the chance to play prophet – and, perhaps, to win $500.00. That's the prize earmarked for the winner of our 1971 "Prophet of the Year" contest. There's a $250 prize for place, and $100 for show.

IT'S EASY TO ENTER – simply mark each statement on the entry form opposite "True" or "False." Fill in the rest of the form, send it to us, and start watching the headlines to see how your prophecies turn out.

BUT ACT NOW – all entries must be postmarked no later than March 13, 1971, to be eligible. The form opposite, or a facsimile thereof, is a valid entry form. The winner will be named as soon after December 31, 1971, as entries can be graded. Judges will be the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, and their decision will be final. In the event of a tie or ties, the entry with the closest-to-correct answer to the tie-breaking question will be the winner. (Employees of NATIONAL REVIEW and associated enterprises, and their families, are not eligible to enter; the contest is void where prohibited by law.)

☐ Please enter my subscription to **NATIONAL REVIEW**, or extend my existing subscription, for one year at the regular $12 rate.

☐ Please send **NATIONAL REVIEW** for one year to:

Name *(please print)*

Address

City State Zip

☐ Please send **NATIONAL REVIEW** for one year to a needy college student from your list of applicants.

☐ *I enclose $12* ☐ *Bill me later*

☐ I do not choose to order a subscription, but do choose to exercise my right under the law to enter the contest just the same.

CONTESTANT'S NAME *(please print)*

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

QUESTIONS for 1971 PROPHET OF THE YEAR contest

Assuming that the following statements refer to the calendar year 1971 and that the date is December 31, 1971, mark each of them "True" or "False" by placing an X in the proper box:

	TRUE	FALSE
1 The jury returned a verdict in the trial of Angela Davis.	☐	☐
2 At least one of the following magazines stopped publication: *Life, Time, Look, McCall's, Holiday, New York, Ladies Home Journal, National Review.*	☐	☐
3 The consumer's price index rose less than 5 per cent.	☐	☐
4 A political kidnaping occurred in the United States.	☐	☐
5 Muhammad Ali (Cassius Clay) won his Supreme Court appeal.	☐	☐
6 President Nixon has appointed a woman to his Cabinet.	☐	☐
7 At least two of the following died: Howard Hughes, Pablo Casals, Nikita Khrushchev, Harold Macmillan, Linus Pauling, Pope Paul VI, Marc Chagall.	☐	☐
8 Walter Cronkite has retired as anchor man of CBS evening news.	☐	☐
9 At least one more state (in addition to Nevada) legalized gambling casinos.	☐	☐
10 Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon have officially separated.	☐	☐
11 Bernardine Dohrn was arrested.	☐	☐
12 At least three of the following announced their candidacies for the 1972 Democratic Presidential nomination: Birch Bayh, Harold Hughes, Fred Harris, John W. Gardner, Henry Jackson, Ramsey Clark, Edward Kennedy, John Lindsay, Lester Maddox, Abbie Hoffman.	☐	☐
13 The Supreme Court declared capital punishment unconstitutional.	☐	☐
14 A major U.S. airline ("trunk line") went bankrupt.	☐	☐
15 Jacqueline Onassis filed for divorce.	☐	☐
16 No title in the *New York Times Book Review*'s fiction best-seller list for Jan. 3, 1971 appears in the list for Dec. 26, 1971.	☐	☐
17 The Baltimore Colts finished ahead of the New York Jets in their division of the National Football League.	☐	☐
18 General Franco is no longer Spain's chief of state.	☐	☐
19 Ralph Nader was sued.	☐	☐
20 George Wallace stated publicly that he would run for President in 1972.	☐	☐
21 Yale beat Harvard in football.	☐	☐
22 Unemployment, as of December 1971, was under 5 per cent.	☐	☐
23 Congress adjourned for 1971 prior to Election Day (Nov. 2).	☐	☐
24 Joe Namath did not play football in the autumn season.	☐	☐
25 One of the following college football teams was undefeated in regular season play: Texas, Dartmouth, Nebraska.	☐	☐

Tie-breaking question: *The closing Dow Jones industrial average at the end of 1971 was* _____

(In the case of any dispute, ambiguity or confusion, the decision of the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW *will be final.)*

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CATO

WHOBERT?

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Is Hubert Humphrey running? His comments on 1972 have shown increasing interest in the Democratic nod. During his campaign for the Senate last fall, Humphrey told Minnesota voters that he hoped to have a large say in the 1972 Democratic ticket. Some Humphrey-watchers think that the present "campaign-ready" Humphrey posture is no more than a bid for a bigger voice in who the Democratic candidate will be. More persuasive observers argue that Humphrey is, in fact, revving up for a big push himself.

One bit of evidence in support of the latter view is the activity of Humphrey's staff. Aides have been working up voluminous reports on ecological issues. While a certain amount of extra paperwork is natural for any incoming senator, reliable sources report that the Humphrey effort in ecological brain-trusting is definitely campaign-oriented. The Humphrey strategy is to challenge Edmund Muskie on his basic issue, where Humphrey believes his own openness and accessibility will contrast with Muskie's sometimes ponderous reserve. Humphrey has always been an active, peripatetic man, so the movement into what looks like a campaign surprises no one. Says a sympathetic Southern Democrat, "Hubert's got his second wind." . . . Teddy Kennedy's damp Presidential hopes still worry the White House. Despite the Byrd debacle, private polls commissioned by the Administration show that Kennedy would take a surprising 38 per cent of the vote if the election were held this week.

■ Efforts by House liberal Democrats to unseat veteran chairman John L. McMillan of the District Committee ended in failure, but McMillan's troubles have only begun. The thirty-odd vote margin that maintained the South Carolinian in his chairmanship was, in fact, a close call. Now that the principle of challenge has been established, McMillan can probably expect renewed challenges each January.

What will be most damaging to McMillan is the light the vote by the House Democratic Caucus throws on his administration of the District Committee. The Committee is virtually impossible to handle, since it administers the affairs of a generally hostile community and operates within the bounds of that community. Furthermore, the conflicting wants and needs of nearby suburban sections of Maryland and Virginia must be taken into consideration. Now McMillan's activities will be under closer scrutiny than ever, and however capably he handles the District's business, what he does is hardly likely to please both the WASP suburbanites as well as the black inner-city dwellers.

A further thorn in McMillan's side will be the District's first nonvoting delegate to the House, who will be a member of the District Committee. The probable winner of this seat is the Rev. Walter Fauntroy, a fire-breathing black preacher who easily trounced formidable opposition in the January Democratic primary. Fauntroy holds an easy edge over white Republican John Nevius (backed by Massachusetts GOP Senator Edward Brooke) and a large field of independents. Fauntroy visited South Carolina in 1970 to campaign against McMillan's re-election to the House, and relations are expected to be strained. Fauntroy may have the anti-McMillan show pretty much to himself, since Washington state Democrat Brock Adams, hitherto McMillan's chief foe, resigned from the Committee in pique at McMillan's re-election. With the Nixon Administration seemingly moving to the left, McMillan must make do with less support than before from now-cautious House Republicans trying to figure out what their stance on inner-city problems really is.

■ Political dopesters are trying to decide what effect the indictments of prominent Texas Democrats will have on the Administration's strategy of wooing Texas electoral votes through the appointment of former Texas Governor John Connally as Secretary of the Treasury. The unknown quantity is Lyndon Johnson's attitude. Some Administration strategists think LBJ will resent the charges against his protégés. Others report that the Connally appointment was made in anticipation of the indictments, to assuage Johnson, who must be particularly happy over how well Connally rode out the *New York Times* implication that he received a large legal fee under improper circumstances.

■ David H. Gambrell, appointed to fill the seat of the late Senator Richard Russell (D.,Ga.), will probably face opposition in his first Senate race. Former Georgia governor Lester G. Maddox is already making candidate-like noises. As Lieutenant Governor, Maddox has a small power base with few responsibilities. His retirement from the governor's chair took place with rosy feelings all around, with even liberals commenting that Maddox had turned out to be a pretty fair governor. The late Everett Dirksen was the last "original" in the Senate for some time, and the coming of Maddox would be welcomed by a press corps eager to find something other than excess earnestness to tell its readers and listeners about. . . . And Maddox's ambitions may not just stop at the Senate. Last week he announced that he may take a Dixiecrat fling at the Presidency in '72. Which doesn't make George Wallace at all happy. . . . Senate Minority Whip Robert Griffin is expected to have a tough fight for re-election in Michigan in 1972. Insiders say Griffin's fences have not been kept mended. . . . Pan-Am and TWA will both plead severe financial distress to a congressional committee looking into the aircraft industry. Losses on both carriers for 1970 were much higher than expected. □

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NOTES FROM THE ROAD

Points South and East

JAMES BURNHAM

IN RURAL and small-town regions of Virginia and the Carolinas you can rent a decent home for eighty dollars a month. (I am sure this is true also in many other states; I cite these three because I have been wandering within their borders for the past couple of weeks, and can give firsthand testimony.) It won't be a Westchester mansion, but it won't be, either, one of those unpainted, falling-down shacks we all know so well from all those articles, documentaries and illustrated books, by northerners, on Faces of the South. One in which I have been a guest has three bedrooms, two fireplaces, a porch, a huge kitchen window looking out on mountains, an electric stove, an oil furnace, and two acres of land.

For the same money you can rent a large Mobile Home, immobilized in its own lot or come to roost in one of the Mobile Home communities spread by the thousands over all the nation except the Northeast. Three million American households are currently established in Mobile Homes, many of them very happily. You can, in fact, *buy* a sound secondhand Mobile Home for payments of $80 a month.

In the Carolina lowlands—and no doubt elsewhere—poor families are buying three- and four-bedroom houses for $40 a month, built under a federal financing program that subsidizes part of the interest cost.

In the rural areas of the South and mid-South, nearly all living expenses, direct and indirect, are much lower than in the Northern cities.

A front-page account in the Columbia, S.C. paper one morning, telling about the New York mother, on welfare for seven years, who had been lodged in a hotel for the past six months at $1,200 a month rental, started me thinking conjointly about New York welfare and these simple economic facts of rural living. The $1,200 rental was an exception, of course—though recent revelations prove it not so isolated an exception—but the usual New York welfare rental is $200 or more monthly, with other costs in proportion. There are now over a million New Yorkers on welfare—more than one out of seven of the city's inhabitants.

Isn't there an absurdity lurking here? —that we as a nation should be paying twice as much to maintain families on welfare in New York (and other big cities) as would be required to maintain them at the same or higher level elsewhere? When welfare was conceived of as a mere temporary "tiding over" of a rooted inhabitant until a new job near his home was found, a change of venue was neither humane nor expedient. But for many Americans, a large percentage of them recent migrants to the cities, welfare is now a way of life, and a social class of welfarees is now a permanent element of our system. A Welfare Resettlement Program, at first on a limited and voluntary basis, might prove an interesting and rewarding experiment.

I HAD MORE and more the feeling as we stayed a while in the South that integration is a veneer brushed over a racial confrontation that is harsher and broader than for many decades. The veneer is very noticeable, compared to the surface appearance even a few years ago. There are the black news announcers, school principals and advertising pitchmen on TV. There are black customers as well as clerks in all the motels, stores and restaurants. —Well, no, not all. In the units of the national chains of chicken, hamburger, roast beef and pizza quick-meal servers, there are black customers, and an occasional black guest registers at a Holiday Inn or a Howard Johnson motel. But not at William Hilton Inn or Port Royal Club or Sea Pines Plantation on Hilton Head or that chosen local restaurant where the first citizens of Edenton take their Sunday dinner or the unadvertised tidewater house turned inn in Beaufort or the restaurants strung along Bay Street and Market in Charleston.

Oh yes, all our schools are integrated since last fall, I was told in Camden, S.C. Of course, more and more of the white families are sending their children to the private academies, and there has been a good deal of trouble, especially in the high schools, but so far nothing is being said about it in public; everyone is trying not to provoke anything. But a few days later in Charleston the front page carried the story of a meeting the night before at which 75, most of them white, parents—most of them from the air force base—told of what they called the terrorism their children were enduring from militant black students at the newly integrated Bond-Wilson high school. And a couple of days later, at Wilmington, N.C., I saw smashed windows, burned out shops, and headlines about killed and wounded, the aftermath of the suspension of several black high school students for repeated disorders.

The consequences of surface integration in the South seem, so far, almost wholly negative. In the South—and the South alone—there was a working adjustment, however low its rating on a moral scale, between the races. Surface integration has destroyed that adjustment without putting anything viable in its place.

A BATTLE ROYAL was going on for the congressional seat of Mendel Rivers. There are four major candidates in the Democratic primary, three in the Republican, one for a black freedom group split off from the Democrats, and one each for the two warring factions of the Wallaceites. They were all over the TV screens, the newspapers and the billboards. But it was clear that the Democrats were fighting the main event. I got the feeling that the Republican inroads into the South are more shallow than some Republicans wish to believe. No one gives Strom Thurmond a chance for election next year, when he will be running on the Republican ticket. Wallace keeps his 11 per cent in the polls. But when, on being told that many who voted for Nixon in 1968 are "disillusioned," I asked where the disillusioned would go next year, the invariable reply was, "Back to the Democrats, I guess." Perhaps that is why "the southern strategy" once attributed to the Nixon high command has been laid quietly to rest. □

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PORNOGRAPHY

Oh, That Danish Blue!

FRANCIS SHAKESPEARE

DENMARK, once famous for Little Mermaid, cheese and beer, has now become the porno capital of the world. The United States has benefited from the Danes' unzippered ways chiefly through the medium of film; Danish skin flicks are huge financial successes in America. Although there has been the usual hue and cry over censorship, proposed censorship and the meaning of it all, no one to my knowledge has bothered to get the human part of the Danish pornographic success story.

Recently I had a chance to interview Hans Pagan Andersen, Denmark's leading pornographic actor. He spoke quite freely about the problems and joys of starring in nudie movies. I interviewed Mr. Andersen in a motel (he does most of his best work in motels) just outside of Freehold, New Jersey where he was to make a personal appearance before a local boosters club, the proceeds to go to his favorite charity, the Home for Wornout Danish Pornos.

The motel room was rather hot and stuffy, but Mr. Andersen wore a sweatshirt, three sweaters and a stocking cap and had his feet soaking in a pan of hot water during the interview.

Q. If you don't mind my asking, why are you so bundled up?

A. All day for art's sake I am walking around without clothes on. What with one thing and another, I catch cold quite easily. *(He sneezed violently for two minutes.)*

Q. How many skin flicks have you starred in?

A. One hundred and twenty-five.

Q. You must be quite a celebrity in Denmark.

A. On the contrary, I am, if you will excuse the expression, barely recognized.

Q. That seems strange for someone who has starred in such overwhelmingly popular films.

A. Not so strange when you consider that porno film-goers rarely notice my face. *(Here he placed a blanket around his legs.)* One can't get used to American weather. Where were we? Oh yes, the recognition problem. It is not that bad really. Only a month ago I was in a Turkish bath and when I turned around to get a towel, five people recognized me and applauded. It was touching.

Q. To what do you attribute the great success of pornographic movies?

A. The usual: good stories, good actors and true-to-life characters the average deviate can identify with.

Q. But I gather the audience really isn't interested in plot or characterization in these films.

A. Perhaps that is true in America. But in Europe we are more sensitive. We appreciate the finer things. Your American critics, for example, have never sufficiently praised the artistry of Soren Dissregaard, whom many have called the Bare-Bottom Bergman. He directed many of my most successful films.

Q. Does Mr. Dissregaard run into any problems of artistic temperament with his actors?

A. Yes, but not the kind you would imagine. In ordinary movies the actors rebel if the director asks them to do a scene over; in porno movies the actors rebel if he doesn't ask them to do a scene over. Dissregaard and I get along rather well. He is a strict taskmaster and often we have to shoot the same scene over and over again. But it is worth it in the end, as they say.

Q. I bet it is. Tell me, what has been Dissregaard's greatest contribution to the art of the porno film?

A. He came up with what was then —this is about three years ago—a daring innovation in skin flicks: a scene where the star puts on his clothes.

Q. How did your audience take it?

A. At first there was a tremendous outcry against that sort of thing. We did it gradually. In one film there was a quick shot of me with my socks on. In another I was briefly seen clothed above the waist. Finally, in one film, near what we like to call a climactic moment in the film, I appeared, front-view, in a double-breasted suit, a top hat and army boots. I'll tell you, there was a stink raised. There was even talk of censorship. But Dissregaard stuck to his beliefs and today in almost every porno film made in Denmark, there is considerable clothes-wearing. Some have said that there is exploitation in all this, that we are pandering to the audience's base desire to see high fashion. But I think if the story calls for a clothed scene, there is nothing wrong in appearing in clothes. The dressed human body is beautiful, and there is nothing to be ashamed of.

Q. But doesn't a clothed scene excite the greed of the viewers? Won't they want to run right out and buy those beautiful clothes they see you wearing?

A. There is absolutely no scientific evidence to show that watching clothed scenes in pornographic movies leads to economic debauchery on the part of the viewer. I happen to believe that it does quite the opposite: It serves as a harmless outlet for those who wish to overdress but who are afraid to because of bourgeois prejudices. I would, of course, draw the line with children. I do not think it proper to pollute their young minds with what is, after all, economic titillation.

Q. A PERSONAL QUESTION: How has acting in these films affected your romantic life off-scene?

A. I have no time for that sort of thing. I am completely dedicated to my art and I spend all my spare time trying to learn all I can about motivation, timing, movement and the rest of the art of the actor. I am studying with Volupté La Foux, the famous porno actress whom some have called the Gownless Garbo. Miss La Foux has been overly generous with her time and energy and has helped me to better understand the motivations of the characters I play. No, my friend, there is no time for the normal joys of normal life when you have dedicated yourself to your art. It is sad. I am often lonely. But then I think: Tomorrow is another day, another scene, and who knows what will happen?

Q. What advice do you have for youngsters who might want to get into the porno movie business?

A. Get plenty of sleep and fresh air while you're young because there won't

(Continues on page 213)

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A TV LAMENT

One day Orson woke up, and he laughed and he laughed
Because, finally, he understood.
He's discovered who's behind the blacklists, and how they work
And you'll know too, but if you're a l-----l, you won't like

Through the Years with the Blacklist

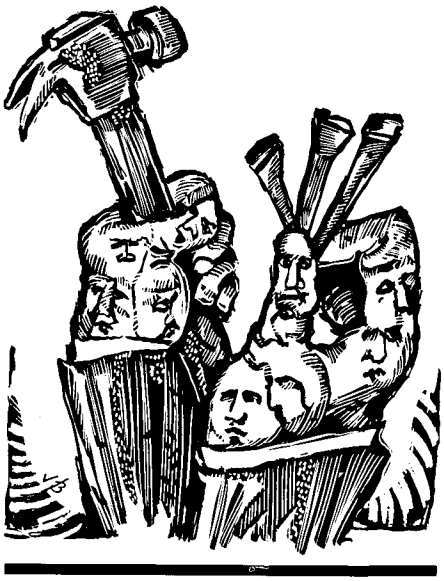
ORSON BEAN

ONCE, when I was a kid, a poor darky came to my house, to a fund-raising affair, one of endless fund-raising affairs which my mother and father gave for various left-wing, humanitarian causes. Prompted by my parents to do so, I trotted out my autograph book and asked him to sign it and he wrote, in a small and childish scrawl, "Willie Crawford, one of the Scottsboro boys." I'll never forget his frightened eyes as he looked about our living room at the various Communists, socialists, fellow travelers, anarchists and pseudorevolutionaries who stood around with cocktails in their hands discussing the bourgeoisie. The Scottsboro boys were a group of Negro kids who had been accused of raping a white girl in the town of Scottsboro, Georgia. The Communist Party and its fronts had decided to make martyrs of them and had championed their cause and, miraculously, gotten them out of jail. Then, having nothing better to do with them, they had trotted them around to various fund-raising events which channeled money into the party coffers. Innocent do-gooders like my folks had entertained other innocent do-gooders and sold endless tickets for glasses of rye and ginger at 50 cents a shot "for the cause."

All it meant to me was a chance to rifle a few of the purses that were thrown with the guests' coats onto my bed. Even though I was one of "the people" nobody ever asked me whether it was all right to use my room to check coats in, so I simply looked at the thievery as tip money.

I grew up, went into show business, prospered and became, as my folks had before me, a pitier of the poor and the downtrodden.

In 1955, I met a man named John



Henry Faulk who conducted a popular radio show for CBS. I was the hot young television comic that year so we needed no introduction. As S. J. Perelman has written, "There are no strangers in the aristocracy of success." We had both rented summer cottages on Fire Island. John was from Texas and he was one of the most charming men in the world. He had three beautiful children, a lovely wife named Lynn, and a pet Mexican goat. The goat would come when he called and would follow him down the sidewalk and do everything but carry home the *New York Times*. John Faulk told wonderful stories about the poor people of Texas. He would tell these stories in dialect and act them out and there was one about a little girl who dreamed of someday owning a pair of shoes that always left me in tears.

On Friday and Saturday nights, groups of actors, writers and broadcasting people who summered on Fire Island would gather at Johnny's house, drawn by his magnetic personality, like ants to jam. Mrs. Faulk would scurry about serving drinks, their tanned and beautiful children would clamor to be allowed to stay up a little longer, the goat would frolic and the guests would bask in the healthy American wonder of it all.

All for a Girl!

In 1955, the communications industry was in the grips of a blacklist. A well-to-do grocer in Syracuse believed that America was threatened by a Communist conspiracy and that one of the Communists' aims was to take over radio and television. *Red Channels*, a book listing all the actors, announcers, directors etc. believed to have leftist/Communist tendencies, had been published, and the listees were finding it increasingly difficult to get work. The industry, traditionally scared silly by any little group of two or three complaining letters from housewives, turned to hog doo-doo when confronted by an organized campaign. In Washington, Senator Joseph McCarthy was waving lists of card-carrying Communists and the panic was on. Up in Syracuse, the grocer read *Red Channels* and found that his worst fears had been confirmed. A monthly newsletter named AWARE Bulletin began to appear. It was published to keep the anti-Communist crusade up to date, and each month it added the names of actors, announcers, directors etc. it deemed suspect.

The Fire Islanders sat around contemplating the injustice of it all. The Hollywood Ten had been driven out of the movies. Well-known actors had become unemployable because of their political leanings and some of the biggest directors and writers in the movies

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had been forced out of business. Now the panic had come to radio and TV. At that time, I had hosted a summer replacement show for CBS. I had also appeared on the *Ed Sullivan Show* a number of times as well as on most of the other variety and dramatic programs. Based on the critical success of the summer show CBS decided to finance a pilot-kinescope of *The Orson Bean Show*. I was of course delighted with my success but the delight was tempered by a nagging sensation of do-gooder type guilt. Here I was, approaching the top of the heap while older and established performers, some of whom I had long admired, were unable to work at all.

One week that summer, the House Committee on Un-American Activities came to New York and issued subpoenas to a bunch of Broadway actors whom they suspected of having Communist affiliations. One of the subpoenaed actors, a young character man who had made several films and had been in lots of shows on Broadway, was hot after an actress for whom I was also horny. Because of his subpoena, the actor became a martyr in her eyes and I became consumed with jealousy. The Emergency Civil Liberties Committee (later to be named by the Attorney General as a Communist front) called a protest meeting at Carnegie Hall at which some of the subpoenaed actors appeared. And Dummy Bean. To impress the girl. While I was waiting to go on, a left-wing friend spotted me and said, "What the hell are you doing here? The place is lousy with FBI guys taking everybody's name down. Get out." He didn't understand about moral convictions: I went on and did one of my routines from *The Ed Sullivan Show*, the girl was duly impressed and that was that.

Striking the Blow

Night after night that summer on Fire Island, John Henry Faulk held forth with messianic fervor on the evils of the blacklist. It seems that a group within the radio and television performers' union was cooperating with the AWARE crowd to rid the air waves of reds, pinks and fellow travelers. "Honey," Johnny would say to me, "don't kid yourself. These people are fascists and dangerous. They'll sit there grinnin' like an egg-suckin' dawg, all friendly-like but they'll kill you and they'll kill the country." Johnny said that we should form a slate of candidates to run for office in the TV and radio performers' union (AFTRA) to try to rid the industry of blacklisting. We would call ourselves the middle-of-the-road slate and offer the performers and announcers a genuine alternative to the old choice between the hard-core Right and the hard-core Left. (At that time, things were split so badly that at union meetings, performers would sit on either the right or the left of the meeting hall to show their sympathies.) We decided to organize a slate. We got well-known actors like Jack Paar and Tony Randall to run with us. Charles Collingwood, the commentator, got very involved and worked hard at the organizing. Finally, we had a slate of 26 people ready to present to the membership. We called a meeting at Johnny Faulk's house and worked on our statement of policy. Then somebody said, "You know, we've really got to offer the union members a true choice. Our slate should be clean. We shouldn't have any of the old tired faces who have been involved in left-wing politics, and I hate to say it, but a couple of us have."

There was an embarrassed moment of silence and then a fairly well-known performer spoke up. "Well," he said, "I guess that's my cue to bow out. It would have been fun, and I'd like to go along for the ride, but I have belonged to quite a few committees and appeared at some benefits, and I agree with you that the slate should be completely untarnished." There were a few cries of "no, no" and "we need you!" but reason prevailed, and his name was regretfully withdrawn from consideration. One other performer said that he, too, had better withdraw, and he did, and then I opened my mouth to confess my appearance at Carnegie Hall. I didn't want to mention it because I wanted to run on this slate and be part of the crusade and not miss out on the fun. I knew no one knew about it and I could have just shut up, but I felt guilty knowing I might jeopardize the other actors' careers if the truth ever came out, so I told all. There was a pause and someone said, "Anything else?" "No," I said, "except I campaigned for Stevenson." There was general laughter and Johnny said, "Hell, honey, you're as pure as a Baptist minister's six-year-old daughter. They can't get you for that one little thing. Stick with us, honey." And I was very relieved and we ran our slate and Jack Gould wrote about us in the *New York Times* and we won a smashing victory. Charlie Collingwood became president of the New York local of AFTRA and I became first vice president and John Henry Faulk became second vice president. The *New York Times* and everyone else agreed that the blacklist had been dealt a serious blow and we were elated.

Grim Picture

A few weeks went by and my phone rang and I recognized the voice immediately. It was Ed Sullivan. I was due to appear on his show two weeks hence and I assumed that the call was to discuss the material I would perform. "Orson," he said, "have you heard about the AWARE Bulletin?" "What do you mean?" I said. I could feel the blood draining out of my face. "They've cited you in their issue that came out today and I'm afraid the bookings are out. In fact I won't be able to use you on the show at all anymore." I felt sick with fear and anger. Sullivan continued. "Incidentally, if you tell anyone I said this, I'll have to deny it." "I understand, Mr. Sullivan," I said. "Can you tell me what they said about me?" "Yes," he said, "they quote the *Daily Worker* as saying you appeared at some Communist meeting at Carnegie Hall and attacked the House Un-American Activities Committee. Did you?" "Well," I said, "I did appear at the meeting although I didn't know it was a Communist meeting, but I didn't attack any committee. I just did one of the dumb routines I've done on your show." "Well," said Sullivan, "I'll help you when I can." He hung up, and I sat there thunderstruck. How could they get me for one lousy appearance? How could they infer I was a Communist or a Communist dupe or a Communist sympathizer from one lousy appearance?

I pulled myself together and started frantically making phone calls. Charlie Collingwood told me he was in trouble too. AWARE had condemned him for writing a critical letter to the House Committee on Un-American Activities. CBS officials were meeting to decide what to do about Charlie. Finally I got a look at the new issue of the AWARE Bulletin. It was devoted to an attack on the middle-of-the-road slate and it asked rhetorically just how anti-Communist we were. To answer the

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question it listed the three top officers, Collingwood, me and Faulk and, starting with Faulk, it said, "How about Faulk? What is his public record? According to the *Daily Worker* of April 22, 1946 . . ." I read with wonder as it went on and on: Johnny at "Headline Cabaret" sponsored by Stage for Action, officially designated as a Communist front. Johnny appearing with Paul Robeson at the Communist Jefferson School. Johnny sending greetings to *People's Songs*, a Red publication. Johnny as U.S. sponsor of the American Continental Congress for Peace in Mexico City. Johnny at "Showtime for Wallace" staged by Progressive Citizens of America, a Communist front. I couldn't believe it. When the paper was finally through with Johnny, it turned to the other two officers on the slate. It said that I had done a satire on the House Un-American Activities Committee in August 1955, and it reported on the letter by Charles Collingwood in January 1955 criticizing that Committee. By themselves the allegations against Collingwood and me would not have been worth printing. Lumped in with all they had to say about Faulk, they added up to a grim picture. I was dumfounded. How could AWARE have made up all that stuff about Johnny? I was sure it couldn't be true or he wouldn't have jeopardized us all by running with us.

I ran over to John's office at CBS. "It isn't true, is it, Johnny? You didn't appear at those places, did you?" "Oh," honey," he said, "what does it matter? Don't you see those people are fascists. If they didn't have something on us, they'd have made something up."

I stood in Johnny's office staring at him with my mouth open. I could feel my ears burning. I wanted to cry or hit him in the face or shake him. Instead I just walked out of his office and went home.

Comes the Dawn

Overnight, from being the hot young comic at CBS television, I stopped working. Just stopped. I saw actors cross the street to avoid having to say hello to me. I was even snubbed by the doorman at CBS. The money stopped coming in, the glory was gone and my career as a television comic seemed like a memory.

Charlie Collingwood held on by the skin of his teeth with the support of Ed Murrow and others. Johnny Faulk was let go from his radio show and decided to sue AWARE and the grocer in Syracuse, who, it seems, was writing to his sponsors advising them that he would not continue to sell their soup in his chain of supermarkets if they persisted in sponsoring Faulk's disc-jockey show. John Faulk became the martyr of Madison Avenue. His friends raised money to support him as he went from one job to another. Time went by. Johnny became consumed by his plans for the lawsuit. He thought and spoke of nothing else. The pressure grew. His marriage foundered and his wife and kids went away. I don't know what happened to the goat.

Almost a year to the day from the appearance of the AWARE Bulletin, Ed Sullivan called me up and said that he hadn't forgotten me and that the heat seemed to be off sufficiently that he could book me again. He did so, and it broke the ice and very slowly I started to work on television again. Charlie Collingwood went to London to be a foreign correspondent and get away from it all. John Faulk proceeded with his lawsuit. He hired Louis Nizer, a brilliant lawyer. The case finally came to court in the courthouse in Lower Manhattan. While the trial was in progress, I went down to see Nizer in action. He was great. He made the blacklisters look ludicrous. He made Johnny look like Jesus. I spoke to Johnny in the courthouse hall, and he remarked on how Nizer had demolished the other side that morning. Was the other side right, I asked. "The point is they didn't prove it," said Johnny. "They were sloppy and they were bad detectives, and we're gonna kill 'em." No wife, no kids, no job, no future and his eyes gleaming like Joan of Arc's.

Sky High to Zilch

I thought back over my interrupted career and the shame I had felt that night at Johnny's house when I had contemplated, for a moment, keeping still about my appearance at the meeting.

I said goodbye to Johnny and walked back uptown. Louis Nizer won the case for Johnny, and the court awarded him a fortune but he never got much of it because the grocer from Syracuse died, and AWARE was broke. Johnny wrote a book about his experiences, but it didn't seem to sell too many copies. He moved back to Texas and the last I heard of him he was traveling around lecturing on man's inhumanity to man as practiced by grocers in Syracuse.

Time went by, and madness passed, and my career picked up where it had left off. My work in television branched out.

By 1969, I had become, among other things, one of the hot voices in the TV commercial "voice-over" field. Producers at advertising agencies would tell their casting directors to "get me an Orson Bean type." One of my best accounts was a large and prestigious bank in New York. Mine was the voice on the award-winning commercials made for this bank by the most creative advertising agency in the business.

In the years since 1955, my political views had changed with the times. As dissent had turned into disorder, I had become more conservative. One day I signed a petition for an ad in the *New York Times* supporting the President's position on the Antiballistic Missile system (ABM). The ordure hit the fan up at the Agency when they saw the ad. A friend of mine, highly placed in the firm, reported to me that the "Creative Boys," the High Priests of advertising, had sworn they would never use me in the commercials they made for any other client.

We had an election for mayor of New York that year and I supported

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The Priorities Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out

GEORGE WILL

Conservatives have not always shown a fondness for careful argument, or a proper attention to detail. If they are going to serve the nation well in this decade, they will have to talk less about the elegance of Burke and more about the exigencies of the budget. To understand why this is so, consider the following.

It is already apparent that the Democrats' next contribution to creative government will be another slogan. The slogan for the Seventies is "we must reorder our priorities."

This slogan rests on four assumptions.

1) National defense ranks too high in the Federal Government's priorities.

2) Defense spending has been growing larger and consuming a larger percentage of the federal budget and the Gross National Product.

3) The end of the Vietnam conflict will release a "peace dividend" of surplus funds available for domestic social spending.

4) When we have the dollars for domestic spending, we will know what to do with them.

These four assumptions have one thing in common. They are all false.

1) Logic, philosophy, history and commonsense combine to teach us that the national defense is the first duty of government. In our federal Republic, all fifty states have welfare programs and educational systems. Only the Federal Government has ICBMs. (Massachusetts has its own foreign policy, but it lacks clout.)

2) Consider budget trends since 1952, a useful starting point for three reasons. First, it includes both Republican and Democratic Administrations. Second, it begins during a hot, undeclared, limited war which we tried to fight on the cheap—"guns and butter" and all that. Third, war is the normal condition for the U.S. in modern times. We have been in hot wars during nineteen of the last thirty years, and we have been in an arduous and expensive cold war for 25 years running.

Since 1952, defense spending has fallen from 13.6 to 7.2 per cent of the GNP. Defense spending rose just 57 per cent between 1952 and 1971. The fiscal 1971 budget is the first budget in two decades in which spending for "human resources" (defined as items such as education, veterans' benefits, health, etc.) is greater than defense spending.

In 1962 the score was defense, 48 per cent; human resources, 29 per cent. By 1968 the Great Society had exploded across the landscape. Human resources spending had rallied, but defense was still leading, 45 per cent to 32 per cent. But in the fiscal 1971 budget, which President Nixon sent to Congress a year ago January, human resources had the lead, 41 to 37 per cent.

Defense spending has fallen in real as well as relative terms. Since fiscal 1969 (President Johnson's last budget) defense spending has been cut by $6.2 billion. We have cut active forces 16 per cent; we have closed 68 overseas installations and reduced 48; we have reduced overseas personnel by 300,000; authorized troop levels have been reduced by 20,000 in Korea, 6,000 in Thailand and 6,000 in the Philippines; the authorized troop level for Vietnam is down 165,000 and will be down another 100,000 by spring; direct civilian employment by the Defense Department is down 10 per cent.

Since 1969 the Air Force Combat Aircraft budget has been halved, as has the F-111 budget. The Air Force F-4 budget is one-sixth its former size; the Navy's F-4 program ($219 million in 1969) has disappeared; spending for ammunition is down $3 billion to $2.6 billion; Air Force Missile Research is down $219 million; Army and Marine combat-vehicle spending is down $210 million; Army aircraft spare-parts is down from $800 million to $300 million; and the list could be extended for pages.

Honorable men of good will can and do vigorously disagree about the wisdom of all this. But the shift away from defense spending and toward domestic social spending is an accomplished fact. The significant thing is that the shift has only whetted the appetites of those who clamor for a re-ordering of priorities. Now they are clamoring for a "peace dividend" with which to finance —who knows?—another 445 domestic programs.

3) Fortunately, the "peace dividend" is a fiction. The "dividend" is envisioned as a large hunk of revenue that will appear suddenly uncommitted when the fighting ends in Vietnam. But one must be clear about the nature of war costs. Specifically, one must distinguish between the full costs of the war and incremental costs of the war. The Defense Department explains the difference in this way:

> Full costs cover all personnel in the theater or in backup and support: all operating costs, such as transportation, supplies and maintenance; ammunition consumption and equipment losses; construction in the theater; and special research and development operations in support of combat operations. These full costs cover all units, including baseline units, which will continue in the force after the war, and units which will be phased out after the war. For the baseline units, of course, there will be peacetime costs, so the full war costs could not be removed from the budget after the war.
>
> Incremental war costs represent those costs being incurred solely because of the war. This includes the full costs of units that will be phased out after the war, plus the special war costs for baseline units, over and above their normal peacetime costs. This includes, for example, the cost of aircraft operations, ammunition consumption, and equipment losses, over and above the peacetime training rates.

The one-year peak incremental cost of the Vietnam war was $21 billion in 1969. Full costs of the war that year are estimated at between $25 and $29 billion. But before one envisions the majestic good works this "released" money will fund, consider the homework done by Sanford Rose ("Making the Turn to a Peacetime Economy," *Fortune*, September, 1970):

The bulk of the defense saving so far

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was returned to the public when the income-tax surcharge was allowed to expire. Between July 1970 and July 1971 the expiration of the surcharge will cost the Treasury about $9.5 billion in current dollars. Part of the remaining Vietnam saving, and some of the future cuts in defense budgets, will be remitted through the other provisions of the Tax Reform Act of 1969. The 1969 law reduces income taxes by $2.5 billion in the current fiscal year, and by $6 billion in fiscal 1972. And when it is fully operative, in the mid-1970s, the law will cut revenues and raise private consumption each year by nearly one-half the maximum annual cost of the Vietnam war, or about $12 billion.

As Mr. Rose reports, personal consumption accounted for 67 per cent in 1950. That fell to 62 per cent in 1969 but is expected to rise again to 64 per cent (the 1960 level) by 1975.

4) I said that "fortunately" the "peace dividend" is fiction. Enough is enough. In the last five years the Federal Government has spent approximately a quarter of a trillion dollars on domestic social programs. And as President Nixon has said, "Never in human history has so much been spent by so many for such a negative result."

What the President might have added is that never have so many expensive programs been generated for such an unasking—and unappreciative—American public.

When President Eisenhower left office there were 45 federal domestic social programs. When Congress adjourned in 1962 Senate Majority Leader Mansfield remarked "the strangely quiescent" mood of the country: "It isn't demanding much of this or that." He said he could not detect "any real desire on the part of the country as a whole for any specific legislation." Did Congress leave the unasked for undelivered? No, all hell broke loose.

When President Johnson left office there were 435 domestic social programs, an increase of three hundred and ninety. Not to put too fine a point on it, this nearly tenfold increase has not made a tenfold or any-fold improvement in the quality of American life.

The slogan about "re-ordering our priorities" rests on four theories which can be killed by the sort of facts cited above. But these facts will have to be used skilfully by public men.

The theories will not fall on their swords, or expire from embarrassment. Further, there are many ambitious men who want to use that slogan for an all-purpose assault on the Nixon Administration. Their passion for political gain cannot be expected to yield to their more dormant passion for intellectual rigor. They will not administer euthanasia to the four theories which underlie the slogan.

FURTHERMORE, the political inclination to exploit the rhetoric of "re-ordering priorities" is reinforced by a growing structural rigidity in the federal budget, a rigidity that should alarm conservatives. The hard fact is that the growth of "uncontrollables" in the budget has left military funds exposed as not only the most inviting, but almost the only possible candidates for re-allocation when it comes to budget cutting.

Uncontrollables constitute that portion of the federal budget which consists of expenditure items enacted into law in previous legislative sessions. Authorization for such expenditures is embodied in existing law, and these expenditures are made directly from the U.S. Treasury and do not require congressional action.

Uncontrollables now include interest on the national debt, farm-price supports, public-assistance grants, certain veterans' benefits, unemployment benefits, Social Security benefits, Medicaid and Medicare costs, as well as the costs of certain postal operations, the Railroad Retirement Board, the civil-service retirement fund—just to mention a few. Included in the list of uncontrollables would be the nearly eight hundred independent trust funds operated by the Federal Government.

Uncontrollables now constitute a staggering sum of money, and an unacceptable portion of the federal budget. The fiscal 1969 budget was approximately $185 billion, of which approximately $119 billion involved uncontrollables. In fiscal 1970 the figures were $198 billion and $131 billion respectively.

Rough estimates for fiscal 1971 (which began last July, but which Congress is still considering) indicate that uncontrollables will be approximately $140 billion. A year ago January, when originally submitted, the 1971 budget was supposed to be approximately $200 billion. Thus approximately 70 per cent of the mammoth federal budget is now beyond the effective control of Congress.

This is a curious condition for a Republic founded on the principle that the people's representatives should keep a firm grip on the purse strings. Remember "no taxation without representation"? Today a large portion of our taxes is spent "automatically," with no intervening decision (or even scrutiny) by the men we elect to our most representative institution, the United States Congress.

This condition should offend our philosophic sensitivities. It surely threatens our security. Because the budget allows so little latitude for legislative discretion, there is a strong temptation to expand that latitude by decreasing defense spending.

Of course not all defense spending is controllable. A fighter plane half constructed on an assembly line is an uncontrollable item in the budget. But even allowing for strung-out contracts and other defense uncontrollables, it is still true that a significant portion of the defense budget constitutes an appetizing "target of opportunity" for liberals whose antipathy for the military is directly proportional to their enthusiasm for expensive domestic programs.

All things considered, the lowering debate about "re-ordering priorities" is a potential threat to national security, an invitation to demagoguery, and a challenge to conservatives. □

"I forgot the Maine."

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RELIGION

The Limits of Pluralism

WILL HERBERG

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE'S comments on the problem of abortion (feticide) in our pluralistic society, in connection with her extended review of John H. Noonan, ed., *The Morality of Abortion* and Daniel Callahan, *Abortion: Law, Choice, Morality* (NATIONAL REVIEW, January 12), are so intelligent, so compassionate, so instructive in their mode of argumentation and conclusions that I hesitate to raise any criticism. Yet there are certain points that seem to me worthy of note because they have not been adequately or perhaps even properly treated in Mrs. Luce's extended discussion. I hope I can bring these matters forward without in the least impugning the seriousness and value of Mrs. Luce's article.

First, I should like to consider the relevance of the pluralistic structure of American life to the question of abortion in its religious, moral and legal dimensions. Mrs. Luce makes much of this American pluralism, and quite properly: Is not the underlying pluralism of American society an indispensable framework for examining some of the central problems of American life and culture? But this pluralism, however important, is neither the first nor the last word. Mrs. Luce is quite emphatic in insisting that American pluralism does not, and cannot properly, forbid any element in American society from holding to its own convictions and attempting to persuade others of the validity of these convictions. That is fine as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.

There are certain views and positions held by certain elements in society that are not simply the reflection of their particular "sectarian" beliefs, but are held in obedience to norms and standards that far transcend any conceivable pluralistic diversities. The Thugs in India once believed, with all the passion of their religious conscience, that it was a noble work to waylay travelers and strangle them with the sacred cord. This was their belief, their practice, their conviction. But those who disagreed with them in this belief and practice did not limit themselves to a contrary propaganda in the hope of convincing the misguided Thugs to leave their undesirable ways. Overriding all considerations of pluralistic tolerance, they declared the Thugs' practice to be a crime, and brought in all the sanctions of the law to suppress them. They were not deterred by pleas of pluralistic tolerance. What they were opposing —cultic strangling with the highest of motives—went far beyond the toleration inherent in pluralism, and such toleration, however proper within its limits, could not be invoked to grant immunity to the Thugs for their own conscientious, but murderous, convictions. And that was not merely because the Thugs were a small minority that could easily be overridden; it was because what they were doing was inherently wrong

and immoral, however sincere its proponents. Again, there are limits to what pluralism will cover and protect.

And that, it seems to me, is the case with abortion (feticide). Until quite recently, the entire Western tradition, pre-Christian, Christian and even "post-Christian" (if such a term has much meaning), condemned abortion as a corrupt and criminal practice, despite the speculations of certain theologians about the stage of fetal life when "humanization" through "ensoulment" could properly be spoken of. Nothing has changed despite the feelings on the matter of growing segments of the population in Western countries. I say "feelings" because, so far as I can make out, reasoned opinions are notoriously hard to find in this reflux of popular opinion. Mrs. Luce speaks of "an old morality," with which, she says, "the opponents of legalized abortion . . . are trying to confront a new world condition." I do not know what an "old morality" is, or what a "new morality" would be like. What I detect is not a "new morality" opposed to the "old," but the erosion of moral standards through a pervasive, hedonistically self-serving moral obtuseness that is reaching epidemic proportions.

I am not very clear as to what are these "new conditions" of which Mrs. Luce speaks. Does she mean the so-called "population explosion," which is alleged to be threatening the world today, or does she mean the shift of public opinion on the question of abortion? If it is the latter, then the "changed conditions" do not affect in the slightest the morality or the liceity of abortion, but rather the means by which, in a democratic society such as ours, the people can be brought back to a sense of what is right and wrong in the matter. Right and wrong are *not* determined by popular opinion or even by democratic majorities; but, of course, those who live and work in such societies must take account of such opinion and such majorities in their efforts to promote the moral health of society.

If, on the other hand, the "changed conditions" are supposed to refer to the new urgency of the "population explosion," the argument is obviously vulnerable.

LET US take for granted, for the sake of argument, although the matter itself has been much disputed, that the so-called "population explosion" is a menacing reality and that some sort of population control is a necessity. But there are a number of ways of controlling population where such control is felt to be necessary: There is obviously contraception; there is abortion; and there is infanticide. Contraception is never too sure, and the "pill" is said to have its side-effects; abortion involves a surgical operation, sometimes serious, on the mother; but infanticide—exposing an unwanted infant within a few days of its birth—has none of these disadvantages, but has a number of advantages of its own. It is sure, painless (except, perhaps, for a passing pang felt by the mother), and it enables the parents or society to select how many and which infants are to be preserved. Moreover, infanticide was practiced, for

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perhaps a thousand years, by the most civilized people of antiquity, the Greeks.

Why, then, do we reject infanticide, despite its efficiency, as a means of population control? Because, and *only* because, it somehow runs counter to our moral convictions. Now it is my contention that whatever moral convictions are operative against infanticide, also, in the very logic of the case, operate against feticide (abortion). The distinction between new life in its *intra*uterine existence just before delivery and the same new life in its *extra*uterine existence just after delivery is something that even the subtlest metaphysician would find it hard to explain. If a woman says she has a right to destroy innocent human life because it is "part" of her body (in what sense *is* the fetus part of her body?), then is not a similar right operative against a just-born infant as "part" of the family? This is exactly the logic of Greek infanticide and of the Roman *patria potestas*. It is a logic that is inescapable.

Now, of course, I am not advocating infanticide. I am merely pointing out that whatever arguments or justifications are advanced in favor of feticide could, with equal logic, though not with equal plausibility—because plausibility is so largely a matter of emotion—be advanced in favor of infanticide. I can see no way out of this dilemma.

BUT, OF COURSE, the problem to which Mrs. Luce adverts remains, since a decisive part of democratic public opinion, and of the democratic electorate, apparently favors what is virtually abortion upon request, and, in a democratic society, the democratic electorate has the power to determine what is legal (in the positive sense), though never what is moral. With "liberal" abortion laws, of different degrees of "liberality" (that is, hedonistic permissiveness) covering the country, it is no longer possible for those who take the stand of the "old morality" against abortion to limit themselves to perfectly proper fulminations against the immorality of abortion and to demand a return to the traditional moral standards. For those who want to have some influence on the course of events, it is necessary, while preserving unimpaired their uncompromising opposition to taking innocent human life, intrauterine or extrauterine, to begin from where we are, not from some position in the past. And, where we are is in the midst of a wave that threatens to wipe out all restraints upon abortion on demand.

Those who are concerned about the matter would do well to organize their powers to slow up the movement for unrestricted abortion and gain some "concessions," no matter how small, that would stem the drive for feticide freedom. It is not for me to outline the scope and method of such efforts; I can do no better that refer to the efforts of Norman St. John-Stevas in the British House of Commons. They should be better known among us here. □

Two Post Office Departments Today!

IT SEEMS obvious that the only thing that will stop this country's slide toward socialism and operating in the red is the immediate conversion of all federal agencies to privately owned and managed competitive free enterprises—that is, at the very least, *two* post office departments, *two* civil service commissions, *two* armies, *two* navies etc., whereby one enterprising group of capitalists would be pitted against another for the sake of efficiency, excellence of service and profit. Isn't this the American way?

Can you not see the poster in front of each post office now?—"Men, enlist in the Army that cares—The General Motors Army! Free TV in every room! Morning coffee in bed! Start as a Third Lieutenant! Physicals by WACs!"

Above the poster, in flashing neon: "Phil's Friendly Post Office! Weekend specials! Five six-cent stamps for a quarter! See our chorus girl countermen! Start a charge account today! We give S&H Green Stamps!"

Military recruits—called clients—would be guided through a seventeen-hour basic training program, called "Get Acquainted Time" or "Welcome Friends Orientation," by girls dressed in red, white and blue. They would be allowed to grow their hair as long as they liked it, for can you imagine GM insisting that its engineers shave their heads?

Hired men would clean guns and the like, and, if firing a gun was occasionally necessary, there would be a red carpet, with pillow, to lie on, with background music to lessen the unpleasantry of gunfire. Possibly smoke would be perfumed. One must compete!

Phil's Friendly Post Office would include Sunday service, parcel post home delivery by helicopters, mail delivery seven times a day, courtesy letter openers and readers, free stamp lickers, and an invitation to "mail every fifth letter free!"

Mike's Mighty PO, on the other hand, would include coffee while you wait (Phil rebuts with "No Waiting!"), extra trading stamps during weekend specials, money-order raffles at the end of every month, Friday night service and mailmen in Santa Claus suits during the Christmas period.

Phil comes back with a brass band in his PO continuously playing "Special Delivery Tonight Means You're in My Hands Tomorrow," "I'm Perishable over You," and "You May Be Only Printed Matter to Some But to Me You're Oh So Fragile."

Conceivably both Phil and Mike would have an end-of-the-year clearance during which a patron could mail himself.

On the civil service front, both commissions, each trying to outdo the other, might well reach a point where they are paying a man for *not* working—at least, until one starts paying a man for playing. Then, of course, the other would come back by paying a man for *not* playing.

Consider two competing departments of agriculture. One department would pay a farmer for not raising *two* crops. Then the other department would pay a farmer for not raising *three* crops. And so on, leading up to overtime payment for not raising *any* crops.

And consider, finally, two privately competing Tennessee Valley Authorities. One would witness rivers being diverted as they've never been diverted before! There would be rivers directed into Tennessee all the way from California, Alaska and possibly even from Hawaii, if they could get a river through the Pacific Ocean. —JOHN KEEFAUVER

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DELECTATIONS

A Weekend in London

ALEC WAUGH

I WAS IN LONDON during the last half of October. I have no longer a country base and these were the first weekends that I had spent in the city of my birth since the end of the Second War. I had not realized before how completely London has become a four-and-a-half-day city. Everything closes down early on Friday evening. By that I mean that there are not enough males around to keep most of the clubs open. And to an Englishman of my generation, London *is* his clubs.

I spent my first four nights in the Beefsteak, a small three-bedroom intimate club. Consisting of one long table, it has affinities with New York's Coffee House, and as guests are not allowed at lunch, you quickly get to know your fellow members. As the Beefsteak closes down on Friday at 3:30, I moved over to the Atheneum where you may not occupy a bedroom on consecutive weeks, but where so minute is the weekend demand that I had the luck to obtain a tenancy inclusive of two weekends.

Bedrooms are available there on a Sunday and a continental breakfast is served, but the public rooms are closed and there is no heat. After my coffee I went out and bought a paper and retired with it to bed until I was rescued around noon by my younger son, Peter, who had both a flat in London and a car. We drove out to Hampstead and Highgate, those two northern peaks once villages that still retain a village character, and where my parents spent their entire married lives. It was a sunny day; the garden of The Bull and Bush, long famed in song and story—"Come, come, come and make eyes at me down at the old Bull and Bush"—was crowded with consumers of bitter beer. It was a charming rural scene. We sat there until I started to feel chilly, then looked for a restaurant. The best one, in Church Street, not unnaturally was closed, but eventually we found an Italian joint near the Hampstead Tube Station.

We supped at Pratt's—another very small evening club to which there are many references in Harold Nicolson's diaries. I have been a member for thirty years without realizing that it opened on Sundays to suit the convenience of members from the country who needed to be at their offices early on a Monday. Why should I have, since I never needed it? On this particular evening it was almost crowded, as well it might have been for there was nowhere else for anyone like myself to go. I had as good a time there as I have ever had. It was a good weekend, but deciding not to risk a repetition I persuaded my son to drive me down to Oxford for the following Saturday night so that we could dine my two younger nephews—Evelyn's sons—and I lured out to breakfast the daughter of a friend, a very attractive young lady whom I was anxious to have Peter meet. We then lunched my grandson who was a few miles away at the Dragon's School, a kind of Junior Groton for boys up to the age of fourteen, on their way to what in England is called a public school. It was as enjoyable a Saturday and Sunday as had been the previous ones. But as I stood at Reading Station, waiting for the train that would take me back to Pratt's for supper, I reflected how different it all had been when I was a bachelor in London in the early Twenties.

In those days for me and most other Londoners the weekend was the peak of the week's enjoyment. A great many men went to their offices on Saturday morning and they lunched at their club with a prodigality they had to deny themselves during the week. Robert Ross' brother Alec had bequeathed a generous sum of money to the club to be spent on port. It was of a vintage character. The proceeds of its sale were reinvested in a similar libation, and it appeared on the wine list as Ross' Port. A great deal of it was consumed at lunch on Saturdays and afterwards the armchairs of the library were sacred to the somnolent. I was rarely one of them; in the summer I played cricket, in the winter rugby football.

Cricket and football took me out of London on a Saturday, but I was back by early evening either to dine with fellow members of my team, or to dance at a night club in Charlotte Street called "The Caves of Harmony." It was run by Elsa Lanchester who later married Charles Laughton and Harold Scott. It appeared in Aldous Huxley's *Antic Hay*. It was there that Gumbril took Myra Viveash. One-act plays were performed; it was there that I first saw Schnitzler's *dialogues*. In a small annex was a bar that served sandwiches and tea and coffee. There were half-a-dozen tables. It had no license to sell alcohol. Some members may have brought flasks with them, but I never did myself. There was nothing like the amount of drinking then among young people that there was to be in the Thirties. Cocktail parties did not become fashionable until the end of the decade. We drank beer and wine heartily with our meals but not a great deal else.

The Caves of Harmony was only open on Saturday night. I went there two or three times a month. It was at its best between 1921 and 1923. Then Nigel Playfair heard about it. He at once recognized Elsa's possibilities and transported her to the Lyric Hammersmith and a professional career that has taken her very far.

SATURDAY was a late night for me in those days, and I would wake late, in the winter stiff and bruised after my football. I woke to a day of rest, a day also of Parade. In those days a young man as often as not wore a silk hat on Sunday, which once a month or so he would take to the Savoy to have ironed. For this service he would give the cloakroom attendant a shilling instead of the customary sixpence. In those days I rarely went to church on Sundays unless I had stayed Saturday night with my parents as I quite often did. There were a great many Sunday lunches in those days. My flat was in Kensington, in Earl's Terrace. If the lunch party was in Mayfair or in Belgravia, I would on my way there walk through Hyde Park by the Achilles Statue where elegant females sat on green wooden chairs, bowing to the morning-coated men who sauntered past them. It was known as the Church Parade.

(Continues on page 213)

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Technological Fraud

TIBOR SZAMUELY

Khrushchev Remembers
Introduction, Commentary and Notes by Edward Crankshaw. Translated and edited by Strobe Talbott
Little, Brown, 634 pp., $10

The publication of *Khrushchev Remembers* has caused a worldwide sensation. No wonder: these are the first reminiscences of a Soviet leader to appear since Trotsky's *My Life*. In Russia, only generals, actors, writers and a few select scientists and retired diplomats are allowed to publish memoirs. For politicians, whether retired or not, such activity is strictly prohibited—hence the enormous interest.

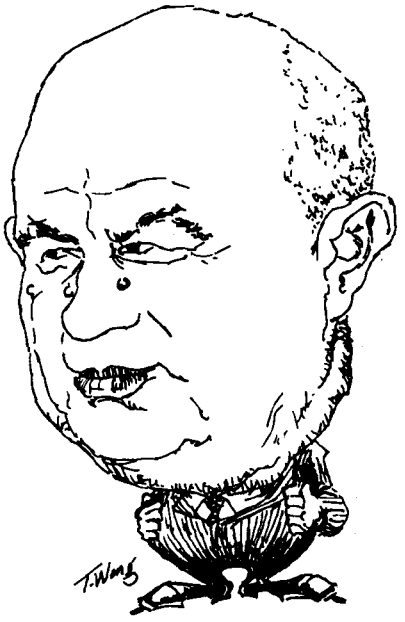
Memoirs of leading politicians are important historical sources, but notoriously fallible ones. Vanity, the desire to present a better picture for posterity, self-deception, tricks of memory: all these common human failings must be taken into account when dealing even with the most truthful of memoirs. In the case of the Khrushchev reminiscences the historian is additionally faced with a set of problems that have never arisen before.

Here is a document of the greatest significance—yet the publishers have utterly refused to give any indication as to its source, its original form, the editing it had undergone, the means by which it reached them, the methods used to authenticate it: in fact, any information whatsoever. Even stranger, Time Inc., holder of the copyright, specifically forbade all other publishers the use of the word "memoirs" in describing the book. To compound the mystery, Khrushchev himself officially disavowed the "memoirs."

In some ways, the oddest feature of the whole affair has been the total confidence of the publishers in the authenticity of a document surrounded by such impenetrable mystery, and emanating from a country about which everything should be treated with the utmost caution. We are expected to take the publishers' word for the authenticity of a document the likes of which has never appeared before. Why? Solely, it appears, because it has been verified by Mr. Edward Crankshaw.

Mr. Crankshaw is a distinguished expert in Soviet affairs, a man of unquestioned integrity. In his Introduction he does indeed declare himself "as sure as it is possible to be sure of anything that cannot be scientifically proved" that Khrushchev is "the man who speaks in these pages." Yet Mr. Crankshaw came to this conviction only on the evidence of a Russian typescript "and nothing else at all."

A most unsatisfactory state of affairs. Mr. Crankshaw explains it by the closed nature of Soviet society. Yet over the past century the techniques of historical criticism have reached a very high degree of refinement. We have learnt the basic critical rules, the methods of tracing down forgery and error, of distinguishing between fact, half-truth and fiction. Despite the difficulties, I see no reason why the historian should not apply the usual methods of his craft in analyzing documents produced in a totalitarian society.



Khrushchev Remembers raises a number of fundamental questions. Is the book authentic and, if so, to what degree? Is it what it purports to be, namely the reminiscences of Nikita Khrushchev, composed by himself, in his own words? How, when, and in what form was it composed? In what measure and by whom was it edited?

ONE MUST BEGIN by studying the provenance of the "memoirs." Here there is no room for doubt: The only explanation for the publishers' otherwise inexplicable million-dollar "complete confidence" is that they acquired the material through official Soviet sources. And the only body in the USSR which can conduct a secret operation of this type is the KGB. The essential facts regarding the involvement of the Soviet secret police have already been well established. The deal was concluded between Victor Louis, a Soviet citizen who has carried out a number of delicate jobs in the field of misinformation, and two representatives of Time Inc., in Copenhagen last August (though the material had obviously been handed over much earlier). Time Inc. has maintained its impenetrable silence, but the *Times* of London, which serialized the book, openly admitted that the "complete manuscript" was in the possession of the KGB, "which for its own reasons decided to sell excerpts in the West." So this little matter is settled.

The KGB is a tainted source, yet despite the grave doubts raised by its

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RANDOM NOTES

■ OUT THIS MONTH: *The White Majority: Between Poverty and Affluence*, edited by Louise Kapp Howe, views with alarm the terrifying rightward trend (Random House, $7.95). . . . Nine essays by Andrei Sinyavsky out as *For Freedom of Imagination* (Holt, $6.95). . . . In 1934 Yeats, then 69, struck up a friendship with Margot Ruddock, 27-year-old actress and poet. They exchanged 75 letters, now published as *Ah, Sweet Dancer* (Macmillan, $4.95). . . . *Journey from the North* is Storm Jameson's autobiography (Harper, $15). . . . *Letters of Thomas Mann* begin in 1889 and end on his deathbed in 1955 (Knopf, $17.50).

■ MARCH BOOKS. *Vandenberg* is a novel about a man's man who decides to go it alone when the U.S. is occupied, in the near future. Pseudonymous author "Oliver Lange," once a *New Yorker* staffer, seems to believe his own story. He now lives in a remote corner of New Mexico (Stein and Day, $6.95). . . . *The University Crisis: A Reader* is a two-volume compendium that runs from Rudd to Reagan. Edited by Immanuel Wallerstein and Paul Starr (Random House, $10 each, paperback, $2.45 each).

Rexford Guy Tugwell, now out to pasture at Robert Hutchins' Santa Barbara rest home for obsolescent liberals, still pining for the glory days of the WPA. *Off Course* measures Presidents from Truman to Nixon against The Chief (Praeger, $7.95). . . . Robert Nisbet's *The Degradation of the Academic Dogma* surveys the university since 1945 and will get major reviews (Basic, $6.95). From the same house, Daniel Bell and Irving Kristol edit a batch of essays on *Capitalism Today* ($6.95).

Irving Wallace again, this time with thirty portraits of shady ladies throughout history, *The Nympho and Other Maniacs* (Simon & Schuster, $8.95). . . . Chicago columnist Mike Royko takes off after Mayor Daley in *Boss* (Dutton, $5.95). From the same house, *New Yorker* writer Calvin Trillin writes about small-town America in *U.S. Journal* (6.50). . . . Joseph C. Goulden is tough on some foundations in *The Money-Givers*, but he hails the Ford grant to CORE as "the bravest . . . major action ever undertaken by a major foundation" (Random House, $8.95).

■ FOR DISTRESSED CATHOLICS: three new books promise relief. *Authority and Rebellion: The Case for Conservative Catholicism* is by Charles E. Rice, now a professor at Notre Dame Law School, formerly Vice Chairman of the New York Conservative Party (Doubleday, $5.95, April). Jesuit Cardinal Jean Danielou weighs *The Future of Religion* (Bruce, $5.95, April). Occasional *NR* contributor Vincent P. Miceli S.J. studies *The Gods of Atheism* (Arlington House, $12.50, March.)

provenance, this in itself is no proof that the book is a forgery. The only way of approaching the truth is by means of a textual analysis of the "memoirs." And here we come up against unusual difficulties. For a textual analysis we need a text—and that is precisely what we haven't got. As far as one knows, nothing that can be described as an original author's text exists. Indeed, there can be no doubt that the bulk, if not the whole, of the material is in the form of tape-recordings, heavily edited —first by the KGB, which carefully chose the parts to be transmitted (and possibly added some), and then by the young and inexperienced American editor, as he himself engagingly relates.

But, whatever the form, is it really Khrushchev "talking"? I believe that, by and large, it is. The "voice" certainly sounds authentic. Much more dubious, though, is the claim that these fragments are part of what Khrushchev dictated or composed as his "reminiscences."

According to all concerned, Khrushchev's purpose in composing the book was twofold: to elaborate his denunciation of Stalin and thus make Stalin's rehabilitation impossible, and to justify his own record as party leader. Strange, then, that he should have disavowed it so emphatically; Khrushchev called the book a "forgery (*fal'shivka*).

Much stranger is the fact that the two features conspicuously missing from the book are a) an exposure of Stalin's crimes, and b) a defense of Khrushchev's own record in the leadership, i.e., the very two matters which allegedly prompted him to compose the "memoirs." To be sure, he makes various nasty remarks about Stalin—but as for Stalin's actual misdeeds, far from "elaborating," Khrushchev is positively tongue-tied by comparison with the public statements he made while in power.

Khrushchev's earlier sensational public revelations about the Great Purge are not even repeated. The key feature here is the treatment of the Kirov case. The treacherous assassination of Kirov in 1934, the signal for the purge, was probably Stalin's most heinous single crime. In both his famous Congress speeches Khrushchev spoke in great detail about the Kirov murder, listing all the suspicious circumstances, telling about the investigation then under way, quite openly implying that Stalin was the guilty party. Now at last, one would think, Khrushchev has the opportunity to tell us the full story. *Khrushchev Remembers* devotes a couple of pages to Khrushchev's memories of Kirov's murder, his emotions on hearing the news etc. Not a single hint that there was anything at all suspicious about the case; he even revives the long-abandoned fiction that the assassin was a Trotskyite.

As for Khrushchev's burning desire to present the case for his leadership, he simply omits any mention of political events in the USSR from 1953 onward (with the sole exception of a farcical account of the Twentieth Congress). Five or six lines about the Virgin Lands —and not another word on agricultural policy. *Nothing at all* about the de-Stalinization issues, the economic debates, his reorganization of the state and party apparatus, the struggle with the Molotov-Malenkov "antiparty group," the removal of Marshal Zhukov, the 22nd Congress, the jockeying for power, arguments about foreign policy—not even about his own downfall, normally a defeated politician's overriding concern. Funny sort of justification.

Clearly, what Time Inc. bought from the KGB was a set of tapes carefully edited to eliminate anything that might cause embarrassment to the present Kremlin leadership. And the whole elaborate explanation of why Khrushchev composed his "reminiscences" collapses, together with all the fantastic theories about progressive groups in the KGB, factional struggle in the Kremlin, and so on.

BUT even after the selection and editing by the KGB, might there not remain some worthwhile facts, hitherto unknown? The book certainly contains many interesting stories—the trouble is that most of them are either untrue or inaccurate. Khrushchev is an old man, and one must make allowances for the vagaries of memory. Yet even giving him the benefit of every doubt, I was easily able to draw up a list of no less than 48 total falsifications and gross er-

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rors, which he could not possibly have perpetrated by accident, and a shorter list of seventeen blatant factual errors which could have been corrected merely by checking with the encyclopedia. The truth is that Khrushchev has always been a prodigious and incorrigible liar. In this sense the "memoirs" are true to form; they are full of the most incredible bare-faced lies. Khrushchev lies not only for political reasons, but most often for the sheer fun of it, because he is one of nature's born liars.

By way of illustration I would quote the most astounding of his whoppers: the detailed account of a Central Committee Plenum in February 1939 (mentioned in at least four parts of the book). No such Plenum ever took place. Moreover, Khrushchev mentions as the two main speakers the Minister for Health Kaminsky—who had been arrested twenty months earlier, and was already dead at the time—and the Minister of Agriculture Yakovlev, named as a conspirator at the Bukharin trial a year before the nonexistent Plenum.

But even when Khrushchev is determined to speak the truth he contrives to get facts, dates, names hopelessly muddled. The most tangled conglomeration of errors occurs in the espisode when Stalin, after a military defeat in which Khrushchev was involved, ominously reminded the latter about the fate of "General Myasnikov," executed after the encirclement of his troops in East Prussia in World War I. Everything here is wrong: of the two generals who commanded the Russian armies in the Tannenberg disaster, Samsonov and Rennenkamf, one committed suicide and the other was retired; the man in question was called Myasoyedov, not Myasnikov; he was a colonel, not a general; he had nothing to do with Tannenberg, and was executed on charges of prewar espionage for the Austrians.

Most of the episodes that can be verified are proved untrue. The stories of Byzantine intrigues in the Kremlin, for which we have no independent corroboration, can only be checked by setting them against Khrushchev's earlier versions of the same events. And we find that he contradicts himself at every step. The present accounts of the 1949 Leningrad Case and of the arrest and execution of Beria are quite different from Khrushchev's previous renditions (which never tallied either). Which story to believe? Mr. Crankshaw thinks that the present account of Beria's downfall "is likely to remain the definitive one." Why should it? You pays your money and you takes your choice.

As for Khrushchev's expositions of Soviet policies in Eastern Europe, Mr. Crankshaw himself calls them "remote from reality" and "diverging widely from the generally accepted facts"—in plain English, a repetition of straight Soviet official propaganda, and a pack of lies from beginning to end. I might add that the only new revelation in the book comes in the chapter on the background to the Korean War. However, considering the total unreliability of the rest, I doubt whether any historian would treat it seriously.

Then are these, as claimed, Khrushchev's authentic reminiscences? An analysis of their style shows that hardly any—probably none—of the fragments were dictated by Khrushchev in retirement with a view to preserving his memories. The book is concocted of bits and pieces of Khrushchev's words uttered in varying circumstances and dating from different times. Quite a few come from recordings of Khrushchev's speeches made to so-called "closed audiences" during his years in power. This category almost certainly includes the bulk of the chapter on the Hungarian Revolution, the account of the battle of Stalingrad, and the story of the Beria affair. Other fragments, showing Khrushchev in an unfavorable light, probably originate from the "self-criticism" he had to make at the time of his downfall, and from his subsequent "debriefing."

But I believe that the main body of the book was produced by "bugging" the fallen leader's desultory, rambling conversations at home, the tales of past glory with which he regales his bored family and the odd old crony. Obviously, he doesn't bother to check his facts—people usually don't while idly reminiscing—hence the appalling errors. I cannot accept the publishers' claim that Khrushchev had no access to any records while compiling his "memoirs," as Molotov and others have been seen in the Lenin Library working on their own memoirs.

IN SHORT, the KGB had a huge collection of taped "Khrushcheviana" from which to make the selections that would, suitably edited, best serve their purposes. What then are these purposes? To begin with, the money must have come in handy; the USSR is short of foreign currency, and the KGB is involved in many expensive operations. Their preoccupation at present, though, is with the vast flow of underground literature from Russia to the West. They have not succeeded in stopping it—and now they are trying to discredit every manuscript emanating from Russia. They know that it will not take long for people to realize the true nature, and the authenticity, of the Khrushchev "memoirs." In the light of this horrendous experience, they reckon, neither book-publishers nor periodicals will be eager to print other illegal Soviet writings. They may well prove to be right—unless *Khrushchev Remembers* is exposed for what it really is.

The question which many people are asking—are the "memoirs" authentic?—cannot be answered by a simple yes or no. We are not dealing with the customary type of manuscript or the traditional kind of forgery. Technology has taken over. The most accurate description of the book's genuineness would be: the words are (mainly) Khrushchev's, the "memoirs" are not.

To sum up:

(1) *Khrushchev Remembers* was prepared by the KGB for its own purposes from a selection of recordings of Khrushchev's words, sold to Time Inc., and edited separately by both organizations;

(2) As an historical source it is completely worthless;

(3) Its claim to represent the authentic reminiscences of Nikita Khrushchev is fraudulent. □

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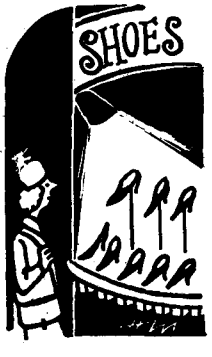
Effigies: Poems from National Review, 1956-70
By Johannes Eff
F/B Books (Box 1962, Monterey, Calif. 93940), 130 pp., $2.25
There's Something about a Liberal
By W. H. von Dreele
Arlington House, 128 pp., $5.95

PARNASSUS FOR TWO

C. H. SIMONDS

Whenever the hucksters of the Left prepare, to lure fools aboard the bandwagon of the moment, those sonorous full-page advertisements and direct-mail pitches, they always include impressive lists of names ("with affiliations listed for identification only"). Heck, the sucker is supposed to say, if it's okay with Professor Linus Gradgrind of Gorgonzola State College and the Reverend Cletus Shrillwit, Church of the Incantation and Mme. Inez Mulch, Noted Etcher—why then, it's jake with me. The lists are always heavy with politicians, academics, screen stars, clerics of the Church Relevant, maiden ladies of both sexes and professional sufferers of all colors. But no poets. You'll find an occasional professor of comparative literature who can crank out a good imitation of bad Wallace Stevens, an occasional daft female puzzlesmith. But no poets.

Which isn't to suggest that the Right has all the poets. Poets resist being taxonomized. Chloroform one, pin him to the cardboard and in the twinkling of an eye he's gone (and, likely as not, stolen your pin). The point is, the Left *doesn't* have them. E.g., Yeats-Pound-Eliot, of course. Also Dickey, Campbell, Betjeman, William Jay Smith, Randall Jarrell, Cummings. And, in a rather special category, Eff and von Dreele.



But, some may sniff, von Dreele and Eff are practitioners of something called "light verse" and therefore are not Real Poets. Phooey. "The Ashtabula Disaster" is thoroughly serious, the furthest thing from "light"—and yet Julia Moore, the Sweet Singer of Michigan, was no poet. Almost all of Cummings is "light"; that doesn't keep it from being poetry. A poet is, essentially, a sneak, a con man who catches the mark's eye, leads him on, works a quick whammy on him and then flits chuckling away, leaving the poor mark shaking his head, muttering "how'd he *do* that?"

I place Eff and von Dreele in "a rather special category" because they are special poets: political poets, von Dreele explicitly (like Dryden or Pope) and Eff implicitly. No man of the Left could have written any of the poems in either of these books. The Left has no von Dreele because, in the modern American context, the posture of the Left is pure outrage for its own sake—outrage unfocused, and unmitigated by irony or grace, or any sense of humor. And the Left has no Eff because it assumes that it is a little island of sanity in a mad, mad world, and cannot understand that *it* is what has driven the world mad. (See, e.g., "A Potato as Big as a Diamond.")

No, our boys are not detached. Von Dreele hates magnificently—Earl Warren, Sweden, Margaret Mead ("She favors grass for kids in class./I think she should be shot."), and especially, always, hypocrisy, as in "I'll Give You Odds":

If Illinois were told to do
What Mississippi's going through,
I think the absence of applause
Would even make a Percy pause.

Sometimes, forgive him his passions, von Dreele says perfectly horrid things—as when he ends an octet in praise of the hardhats with the lines: "And what a groove it was to watch./The weirdos get it in the crotch." Sometimes he finds, to quote one title, "Areas of Agreement"—he applauds Cooper and Church ". . . for their push to reclaim/ Some of the Senate's eroded good name." He's upset by pollution and the pollution explosion:

Hippies, hangers-on and bums
Battle in the seething slums,
Ringed by rivers *eels* abjure
They're so stinkingly impure.

But why quote on? The best of von Dreele over the past few years is all here, deliciously, maliciously illustrated by *NR*'s own Mary Gauerke. A small criticism: One's enjoyment and understanding would be increased had the publishers included the date of each poem.

Effigies offers the best of Johannes Eff, which also happens to be almost all of Johannes Eff, since that first gem, "For Whom the *Times* Chimes," floated over WFB's transom fifteen years ago. In that poem, Eff staked out the territory he's patrolled ever since:

Meanwhile, back at the Alcaz are
Ernest, Herbert and Ezra
Pounding away at 60 words a minute,
Showing how to write a war and
winute.

Puns, what Buckley in his introduction calls "playful *enjambement*" and always the rhyming, faithful—in its fashion. The punning alone is cause for rejoycing:

. . . Peanut Buddha's bad
For the stomach before bedlamentations of Job Corp pipil:
. . .
Bless me Fardor,
The Love Machine is out of ardor.

Or try this one, telescoped like a crashed Venezuelan commuter train:

An Normy Baby's got a lump in his
various
Bank accounts courtesy of *LIPE*
Maggot, hurts right here in his type
Whiter wash depends on enzyme
action at the PENT
Agony's a keyboard absent
Of I
BM's perlootin' de MAINSTEAMS
of America right now!

And always, there is Eff's concern for civilization, or what's left of it—sometimes almost wistful:

But flocks do not fly only birds,
And rocks break your bones unlike
words,
Being real. And power
It hain't really black or white or
pokey dot or flower.
Ideas don't have substance or sprout
like a bud;
Hegel's World Spirit is dialectical
crud.
The egg Stalin broke for his omelet
was real;
And that's what's so bad about a
Communist meal.
Fee fi fo fum,
I smell the Hell of that Kingdom
Come.

Effigies concludes with "The Gorgeous Gordian Knot," a hitherto unpublished poem. I don't know when it was written; if it was recently, then our Johannes is going through some interesting changes. See for yourself. □

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The Politics of Unreason
By Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab
Harper, 547 pp., $12.50
The Troubled American
By Richard Lemon
Simon & Schuster, 256 pp., $5.95

NOTES ON THE ELECTION OF '72

M. STANTON EVANS

Approached with reasonable caution, the books before us can be made to yield some valuable insights into the current drift of American politics. Both contain revealing data on the attitudes of working-class Americans which may be studied with profit by candidates for public office. Both are flawed by analytical assumptions which do little to explain the data presented and are thus a hindrance rather than a help to understanding.

The weightier of the volumes, at once more valuable and more faulty than its companion, is *The Politics of Unreason.* Authors Lipset and Raab are Social Democratic types under subsidy from the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith to explore the antisemitic and other disreputable characteristics of "right-wing extremism" in America. All the root assumptions of this effort appear, to the present reviewer, highly questionable—that the Right rather than the Left is the sector which needs investigating, that an "extremist" is somebody who believes in fixed as opposed to fluid value standards, that American conservatism can best be explained by reference to status anxiety, and so forth.

There have been perhaps a score of books in the past decade or so which have employed just these premises, and most of them are not worth reading. Yet Lipset and Raab have in places risen above the fallacies of the genre. They are, to begin with, generally fair and informative. If they do not always explain the factual material, they do not attempt to twist it. And they reach some conclusions that will prove uncongenial to others in the liberal community—e.g., that the American Right is *not* characteristically antisemitic, and that, just maybe, some scholarship should be devoted to a study of extremism on the Left.

By far the most interesting and unusual part of the book, for those concerned with contemporary politics, is the authors' analysis of the George Wallace movement. In a careful sifting of the data about the Wallace campaign of 1968, they note a number of things that are by now familiar to political analysts—such as the fact that Wallace in some ways was not particularly "conservative," since he adopted a welfarist position on bread-and-butter issues, and that this enabled him to break through to the votes denied to Barry Goldwater. But they focus as well on certain aspects of the Wallace effort that are not usually reported. Three in particular should be recorded.

First, they observe, Wallace's potential support was much higher than the ten million votes he ultimately received on election day. At midpoint in the campaign, something like a third of the electorate tended to agree with the major positions which Wallace represented. Second, despite the competitive appeal of Nixon's moderate-conservative campaign, Wallace

actually drew more votes from Republicans outside the South than he did from Democrats (6 per cent to 5 per cent). When we reflect that the Wallace votes in Dixie, though nominally Democratic, would otherwise have gone to a conservative Republican as opposed to a liberal Democrat, it becomes apparent that the vast majority of the Wallace ballots were cast at the expense of the GOP.

Third, and most interesting of all, Lipset and Raab produce considerable evidence to show that Wallace's greatest appeal was to—the young. Data from the Survey Research Center at the University of Michigan, the Purdue Opinion Poll and Daniel Yankelovich, Inc., all confirm that "among the strata which disproportionately backed Wallace, young people have been prevalent." Support for the Alabaman among non-collegiate youth repeatedly fell in the range of 20 to 25 per cent. That finding clearly suggests the image of a radical leftist "youth" is a product of the campus—that the major dividing line in our society is not between the young and old, but between the academic and non-academic.

RICHARD LEMON'S *Troubled American* leads on to essentially the same conclusion. Working from data provided by Gallup and Yankelovich, plus a number of first-hand interviews and his own impressions, Lemon has sketched a generally revealing portrait of "Middle America" and what ails it. In examining the various factors impelling social conflict, Lemon found education levels more decisive than either income or age bracket. At one end of the educational continuum, he says, "America's colleges and universities are spawning a new breed of activist intellectuals who see little merit in 'the system' and want to scrap it. At the other end, those with only grade-school educations are the staunchest and angriest defenders of the system."

Having thus torpedoed both "generation gap" and economic determinism, Lemon also has some revealing things to say about another fad subject—"the Social Issue." He finds, on the basis of the Gallup data, that people are indeed upset about "law and order" and student unrest but that such anxieties are rather abstract. Far more immediate in their impact are economic issues. Thus when Gallup's respondents were asked "to list the nation's most important problems, the high cost of living came in third and taxes fourth, behind Vietnam and civil rights. When they were asked to list the most important problems in their home community, high taxes came in first, and inflation came second. When they were asked whether their local taxes were too high, 59 per cent said yes, and when they were asked whether their federal taxes were too high, 78 per cent said yes."

These are but samples from a large array of facts presented in the volumes under review—both of which might usefully be examined at the White House and the GOP National Committee. □

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The Report of the President's Commission on Campus Unrest
Arno Press, 537 pp., $5.95

EXCUSING STUDENT REVOLUTIONARIES

PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS

In this report there is the appearance of something to please everyone, but its main thrust is an attack on America, "a nation driven to use the weapons of war upon its youth." It justifies student protesters and levels its criticism against Nixon, law-enforcement officers, and American society. Some of the analysis is intelligent and objective, but this is not characteristic of the general tone.

The fundamental premise is that "campus violence reflects a more profound crisis in the nation as a whole." The charge of polarization is then made to excuse radicals' violence as a counterpart to society's alleged violence. The acceptance by the Commission of this charge serves the radical well: Overreaction by law enforcement officers to deliberate provocation is equated with planned violence by radicals. Put another way, illegal violence is equated with the legal force embodied in the police and defense functions of government.

THE EASE with which radicals can use moderate students and faculty emerges as the key element in the radicals' success. As the report acknowledges: "Without the support of moderates, militant disruption could never have become a nationwide problem" and "it is clear that on the question of ends, it was the radicals who were victorious. In May 1970, students did not strike against their universities; they succeeded in making their universities strike against national policy."

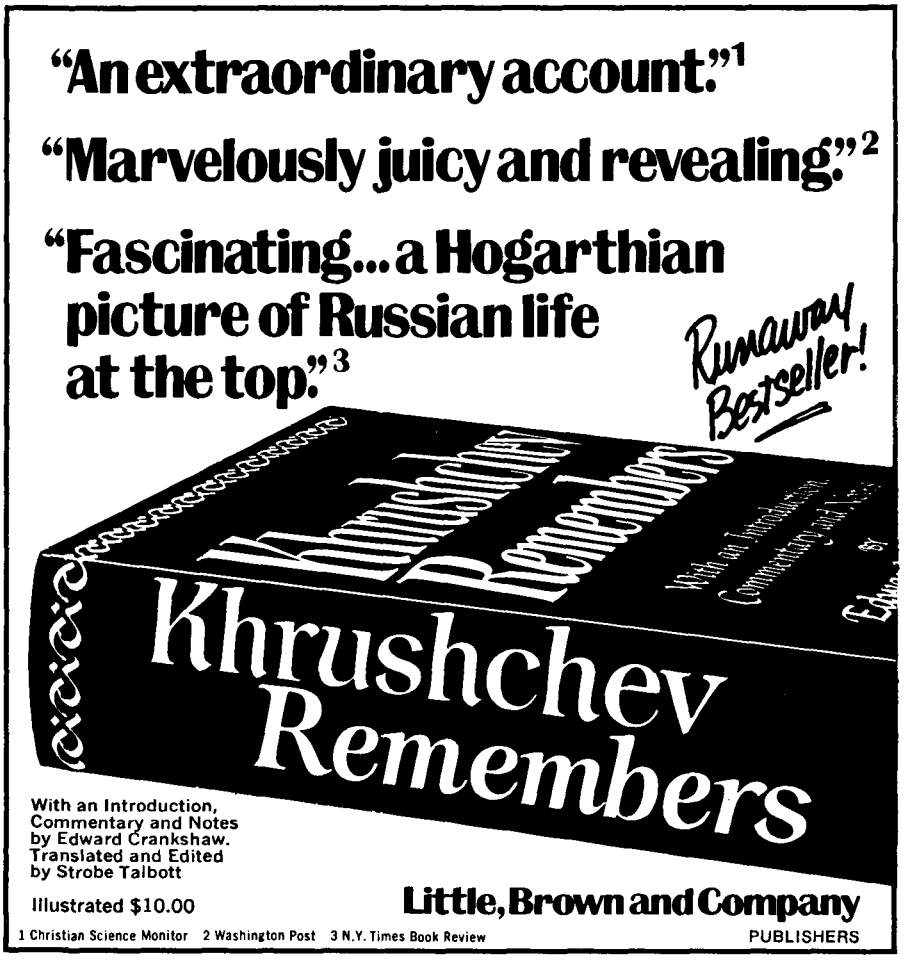
After acknowledging the role of revolutionaries, the Commission lapses into a familiar line: Protest results from objective evils in American society—war and racism. Since it is widely taught in our universities that America is racist, imperialistic and repressive, it is not surprising that such claims by radicals are taken seriously. The Commission itself accepts as factual "the cruel injustice of American racism" and states: "the charge of repression cannot be dismissed that lightly." Punishment of students "if they have participated in a disruptive or violent demonstration is a repressive effort to deprive students of political power."

In considering Kent State the Commission thus overlooks the main lesson to be learned—the ease with which radicals use liberals.

On Jackson State, the essence of the report is that black students engage in violence because they suffer from racism; white policemen practice racism and express hatred of Negroes by shooting them. Fleshing out the report is information that is factually unnecessary but serves to arouse further indignation against the police rather than against those whose behavior has made a police presence necessary. The following exemplifies the Commission's objectivity: "In their daily life in Mississippi, Jackson State students are too busy fighting for their physical, economic, social and psychological lives to engage in protests."

The reporting on the specific incident states that earlier in the evening of the confrontation "an unidentified black man in a Volkswagen drove up to the crowd and announced—falsely—that Charles Evers, [black] mayor of Fayette, Mississippi, and a civil rights leader, and his wife had been killed. Meanwhile, anonymous telephone calls to the same effect were made to several Lynch Street bars." This deliberate act, calculated to produce violence, is described by the Commission as merely increasing "the level of tension." The Commission allows only Southern society and police to be responsible for the shootings. Once again, the myopic vengeance of the liberals hides a successful revolutionary act.

WHEN POLICE today are sent to a campus, they walk into a propaganda trap. The report acknowledges that in a university an act of violent protest "has no severe personal costs attached to it" because administrators and faculties are sympathetic to student causes. It would be poetic justice to insist that universities do police themselves entirely. Administrators and faculties would then suffer the consequence of their irresponsibility. Of course, the radicals might destroy the liberal womb that nurtures them; but more likely, if the universities have to pay the cost of police protection out of their budgets, they will cease tolerating and encouraging disruptions. □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The War in Man: Media and Machines
By Frederick D. Wilhelmsen and Jane Bret
University of Georgia Press, 122 pp., $4.50

DESIGN FOR AN ELECTRONIC UTOPIA

FRANK S. MEYER

More a series of prophetic meditations than a coherently organized thesis, this book presents great difficulties to the reviewer. Just as one thinks an essential point has been pinned down, the point disappears in a coruscating storm of brilliant prose. Having read the book through twice, I think, however, that I have grasped its major theses with reasonable clarity.

What the authors are celebrating is, *tout court*, the end of civilization, not just of Western civilization, but of the five thousand year civilizational chapter of man's history. What they base their prophecy on is a version of Marshall McLuhan's technological determinism. Electronic technology, they maintain, will totally transform the human condition, eliminate the necessity of work, destroy civilizational differentia, to create a worldwide "tribal" existence, and substitute for rational analytic thought an immediate synthetic grasp of reality.

READERS OF *Triumph* Magazine, of which Mr. Wilhelmsen is a senior editor, will be familiar with this Jeremiah-like diatribe against literate and analytical civilization, joined with a technological determinism that even Karl Marx would have rejected as too narrowly deterministic. Although the immediate objective of Wilhelmsen and Bret's assault is, first, contemporary American civilization and then Western civilization of the past four hundred years, the characteristics they attack are specific to all high civilizations, since Sumeria and Egypt rose towering out of neolithic culture. While they posit the printing press as a prime cause of the distortion they see in human life in the last four hundred years, there is nothing they say that cannot apply equally to the written word from its origins in cuneiform and hieroglyphic. It is the word as instrument of human control over nature and instrument of the growth of human understanding that they would see give way to a direct sensual immersion of humanity in immediate experience—not unlike the rejection of intellectual order, the whoring after immediate sensation, that characterizes so much of today's radical Left and counterculture.

HERE, AS in McLuhan's writings, a false issue is raised. Effective understanding is never either purely analytic or purely synthetic; it is always based upon a combination of the two. Efforts at the purely analytic end in such arid deserts of the intellect as logical positivism or Skinnerite behavioralism; efforts at the purely synthetic end in the subhuman "polymorphous" perversity of a Norman O. Brown, the empty limbo of Sartrean existentialism, or the rock-pot-sex morass of the "youth culture."

But Wilhelmsen and Bret insist upon a separation, rejecting the analytic as the work of the Devil—or rather two conjoint devils, Gutenberg and John Calvin. Similarly they attack the concept of work as sprung from the same source —although a much more ancient source (surely known to the authors) long ago proclaimed the human condition in this imperfect world, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." And closely connected with their critique of "work" —curiously reminiscent of the Karl Marx of the *German Ideology* and the earlier writings—is their implication that division of labor creates an alienation of the human person.

Prime foundations of civilization—literacy, the analytic component of thought, disciplined work and the division of labor—come under attack in this book. Civilization undoubtedly requires great sacrifices of innate human desires, a control and discipline that take their toll; all that can be said for it is that it raises man above the savage and barbarian and that it is, all things considered, the highest mode of existence that human beings have created in a real world that does not yield to desire.

Utopias—constructions which ignore the limitations of reality—have always been the creations of ardent souls who dream of a world free of imperfection and contradiction. The world adumbrated in *The War in Man* is just such a Utopia. This world is presented not as an abstract desideratum, but as one arising deterministically out of the development of technology. Reduced to its bare bones, the thesis is that television will create an ambient in which we will bathe in a simultaneity of knowledge of all places and all times, while the computer will remove from our shoulders the burden not only of work but of thought—"the philosopher of the future will not have to think: he will have to judge. . . ." All the hard work done for us, we can absorb sensation from television and analysis from computers, judging the world like a divine being upon a heavenly throne.

Apart from the fact that I personally find this Utopia, like all Utopias of which I have read, repellent to my understanding of man and his destiny, I also believe that the argument from technology, upon which its historical development is based, is invalid on two levels, the theoretical and the factual.

Theoretically, I would deny the underlying assumption that changes in technology determine changes in human consciousness and human institutions. History would seem to me to show that it is not technological developments that shape society, but rather the ways in which human beings, consciously taking thought or socially arriving at a consensus, *use* a new technology that determines the character and quality of their society. Of course, new technological developments create new conditions to be dealt with, but what determines how they are dealt with is, in the end, the moral and philosophical attitudes that are brought to bear by human beings functioning in freedom from a putative technological necessity. Television and computer technology will, when all is said and done, be what we make of them, not what they make of us.

BUT QUITE APART from the questionable character of the theory of technological determinism, the thesis of *The War in Man* is most suspect on the purely factual level. There is no such massive revolution between the earlier stages of industrial technology and recent electronic developments as the authors of this book, following McLuhan, maintain. Television, it is true, creates some changes in modes of communication—or, more accurately, adds new modes of communication to those long since established. But there is no sign of its transforming consciousness in the way Wilhelmsen and Bret project. The people as a whole are affected only tangentially, and as far as the creative minority (which is decisive in social change) is concerned, all indications are that far from our passing beyond "the

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age of Gutenberg," they are reading more widely than ever. The best index of this is the astonishing availability in quality paperbacks of works of the intellect in editions of tens of thousands, which formerly existed only in hundreds, if they were not out of print and almost impossible to secure.

LIKEWISE, computer technology and automation, wide though their effects are upon the structure of industry, show no signs of eliminating work. As fast as employment in primary and secondary industries declines through automation, the tertiary industries expand. Changes—and rapid changes—are indeed taking place in the structure of production, but they are not transforming the immemorial human condition of work as a necessity of life.

There is consummate irony in the juxtaposition of the two aspects of Wilhelmsen and Bret's fantasy. On the one hand, they condemn and predict the death of the literate and the analytic. On the other hand, they seize upon electronic technology as the *deus ex machina* that will bring us into their Utopia. But the very electronic technology on which they depend raises to heights of abstraction the literate and analytic culture whose demise they celebrate. The electronic womb in which they wish us to take refuge can only be sustained by the maintenance and development of that same literate and analytical culture.

Which is it to be? It cannot be both. Either their prescription for existence will require a descent to pre-civilizational, even pre-neolithic, conditions of existence, as the modes of thought developed by man over thousands of years disappear and he sinks to the level of the paleolithic; or the hard-won triumphs of civilizational life will be preserved—in art, in literature, in philosophy, as in production—and we will have to forego the infantile dream of judgment without thought, life without work.

There is here, as in so much of the youth-culture zeitgeist, something that is not only Utopian but also Manichean: Utopian in its attempt to escape from the conditions of reality; Manichean in its contempt for what man has wrought in the world, for the long record of civilizational achievement, most especially for American capitalism (the authors' own immediate real world), *because* it has brought to hundreds of millions the material goods by which to raise their lives to a higher level. □

RECORDING

FI

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Thanks to my noble patroness, we have a new machine in the library. It reproduces sound that has been kiln-baked onto acetate discs. It also snares sound on the wing and rehearses it for me. It also understands the inaudible language of wave propagation and translates it into harmonious adiabats. I am told it is fi. When contrasted with what we have operated in the past, this new machinery exhibits lofty fi indeed. There are some people, I am told, who would nevertheless declare it to be benthic fi. I wot not whether one speaketh of minimum fi or maximum fi. Pity.

What is fi? You can go to Philharmonic Hall and hear different qualities of sound at different places in the hall. Which is the "real" sound? Which one should be kiln-baked onto discs? And, if the "wrong" sound is kiln-baked, of what avail is it to reproduce it with superlative fi? →

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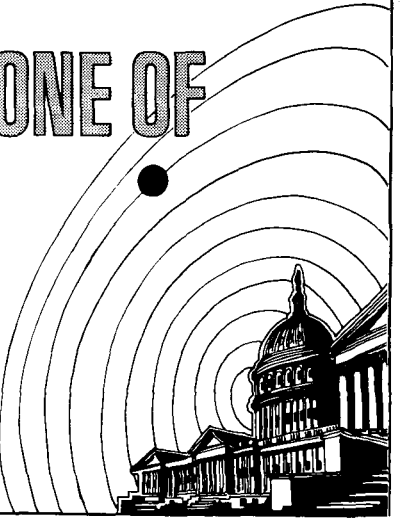

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I am convinced there is madness in the mere method. There is the story of the man who had a recording of a pianist at work. The man would reproduce the sounds of his machinery and, at the end, to his wondering friends, he would exclaim: "Now there's an engineer!" And verily he knew the name of the engineer who had orchestrated the mother of all discs, but he did not know the name of the piano player, or the name of the piece, and (ye of little fi) naturally not the name of the composer. Man composes, but the engineer in the recording studio disposes. Think that over, Lord.

Thanks to my new fi, I can hear new sounds from old recordings of violin players. But when my neighbor comes in to play Mozart or Schubert violin-piano music with me (yes! real people playing real instruments! revolooooo-shionary!), I notice that his violin sounds not very fi. A real violin, played well, and six feet from your right ear, sounds like a good deal of horse-tails and catgut. You get vibes off the wood. There are scraping noises. The instrument possesses corporeality, and most musicians smell of sweat; and disembodied music, the pure singing voice of the dumb engineer's sentimental dream of what a musical sound ought to be, "ideal" music, simply doesn't count. The highest fi would smell of sweat, and squeak of creaking bridges (that's a part of a violin, child), and exist in the round, in the flesh.

Of course nobody would desire such a thing. Musicians indeed! With their beeswax and reading stands and violin cases and metronomes. Horrible. Isn't there some way to get rid of them? Boil them in acetate and distill the efflorescence? And print in big letters the name of the Engineer?

Fi. One fi leads to another, and then you have stereo fi. Two or more sources of sound; one usually delivering pitches denied the other. This gives the effect of sitting in a large hall and listening to an orchestra that spreads across the front of the hall. So you put on some piano music, and what do you expect the stereo machinery to do? It simply isn't very fi to give the impression that the upper register of the piano is played by a gentleman at the far right of the stage and the bass by another gent, far left. The piano is a single instrument cleverly designed to function as a single source of sound. To make it sound like a disjoined apparatus is no fi at all. You should never play piano music with your stereo on. But some people insist on doing it, because that's more "fi"—? You will excuse me—I go outside for a breath of fresh air.

Rickenbacker's twelfth law is as follows: One's knowledge of music, and the excellence of one's sound equipment, are usually inversely proportional. There are people who derive as much pleasure from a recording of a choo-choo train as from a recording of music; people who have indeed no aesthetic ground for choosing between the two. Pity them, and steal their transistors.

Music (we're coming to the end, child) disembodied ceases to be music. Remember (here I always wag my finger in your face) that music has always been situational, the offspring of the time and place and ceremony and performer and patron and audience. The hoariest (that's a nice word) tradition in "classical" music is the improvisation, simply because music at the beginning in all cultures, climes and conditions has been improvised. Like Homer. Written down much later. To improvise is to be, to have a moment in time and place, to have an audience, to play for that particular audience. "Com-posed" music is already derivative. Recorded never so well, it is a second derivative. Recorded so that it sounds like nothing you ever heard, it is probably too far from the sweat to count.

It is possible that fi will drive us back to the concert halls. It could render less service. And I do thank my noble patroness, and wish her a Happy New Year, and promise to go to all her concerts. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

FROM FATHER TO SON, *edited by William F. Rickenbacker (Walker, 204 pp., $6.95).* These letters from Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, war ace and entrepreneur, to his son William, a former senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW and now publisher of an investment letter, cover a multitude of subjects—from religion and politics, finance and business, to personal matters. Primarily they cover the period from Bill's boyhood to his service in the Air Force during the Korean War. They give a fascinating picture of an outstanding American who is at the same time a typical American. F. S. MEYER

"R.F.K. MUST DIE!" *by Robert Blair Kaiser (Dutton, 634 pp., $9.95).* "We want Bobby, we want Bobby," chanted the crowd outside Los Angeles' Ambassador Hotel as he lay inside bleeding and unconscious, fatally wounded by Sirhan Sirhan.

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That members of Kennedy's family could generate such irrational devotion should leave little room for surprise at the depth of the hatred also felt for them. Confounded because the Kennedys' supposedly natural enemies, the Right, leave the assassinations to the Left, liberals are hard put to explain the motives of Oswald and Sirhan. Robert Kaiser joined Sirhan's defense team as an investigator to probe for the hidden secrets of the case. He fails to uncover the ultimate truth, but he does succeed in raising a number of fascinating questions, most of which he thinks he could answer with another year's research. He gathers a large amount of circumstantial evidence, some significant, some not, to show that Sirhan either programmed himself to kill Kennedy or that he was programmed by another, as in *The Manchurian Candidate*. Pointing out obvious inconsistencies ignored or papered over by both sides in the case, Kaiser correctly adds that investigating those areas would have complicated the jobs of both prosecution and defense and therefore they were left unexplored. The best comment on the case was Sirhan's when asked what he thought about Ted Kennedy's plea to the District Attorney that Sirhan's life be spared: "Ahhh, it's just politics."

D. B. DUVAL

ALL WE ARE SAYING . . . *The Philosophy of the New Left, edited by Arthur Lothstein (Putnam, 381 pp., $7.95).* "The battle lines are now being drawn, reader. Are you going to be part of the problem or part of the solution? . . . Perhaps we shall meet in the streets!! All power to the people!" Thus ends Arthur Lothstein's introduction to this anthology of New Left philosophy. Eagerly, we read on to see if, perhaps, we shall meet Mr. Lothstein in the streets!!! Selections from fifteen New Left theorists are included, Marcuse, Sartre, Guevara among them. No Hoffmans, no Rubins. To a man, all agree there can be no reform within the system. Socialism must topple capitalism. The reformist Old Left, because it tends to be absorbed in the dreaded system, is scorned, except for its religion, Marxism, which, neatly updated, is now the opiate of the messies. As for the future, Guevara and Murray Bookchin are willing to give us a peek. Guevara points to Cuba, where, we are assured, everything will be fine, ending with the familiar: "The present is one of struggle; the future is ours." Writhe on. Bookchin, no existing society being to his liking, can only tell of his future world: "The community becomes a beautifully molded arena of life . . . . It enters the still unexplored realm of the marvelous, a realm that no imagination of this era, however bold, can hope to encompass." Alas, although some of the plans are quite enticing, we probably won't meet in the streets; but this book is a fine guide to the streetwalkers.

K. LYNCH

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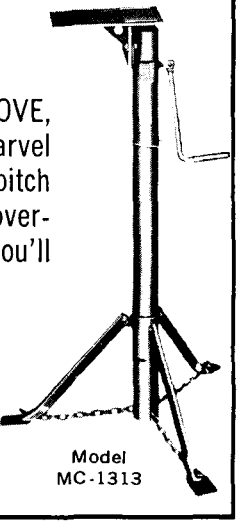

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719

BEAN

(Continued from page 195)

John Marchi, the Republican-Conservative candidate, one of the finest men I've ever met. My name was sent out on a fund-raising letter headed "Conservatives for Marchi." The president of one large New York bank received a copy and, circling my name on the letterhead with his pen, mailed it to the president of my bank with the notation: "Is this the kind of man you want as your spokesman?" The president of my bank good-naturedly wrote back, "I didn't get one of these. Apparently I'm not on Bill Buckley's mailing list."

The Creative Boys at the Agency were not so good-natured. I had gone too far. "The sonofabitch is a fascist," they said. A decision was made to go through the laborious and expensive process of replacing me as spokesman for the bank. A number of my commercials were re-made, taking my name off the bank's credit card where it had appeared as a sort of endorsement and changing the voice to another which sounded enough like mine to ease the transition. Overnight, my desirability as a commercial voice dropped from sky high to zilch. In the week before my voice was removed from the bank commercial, I had done nine "voice-over" jobs. In the three months following, I did none, not one. How they managed it, I don't know. After three months, I was able, here and there, to pick up four or five commercials, but my career as a "voice" was obviously through. I believe I am the first actor in history to have been blacklisted as both a Communist and a fascist. I think it's hilarious. The same Creative Boys who volunteer their services to do campaigns for peace candidates and grape pickers, suddenly drop the concept of freedom of political expression like a hot grape when the views expressed are not their own.

I was getting ready for bed the other night when it suddenly occurred to me that all the blacklisting in the communications media has always been done by the liberals. What the right-wing grocers and super-patriots did was to bring economic pressure to bear. What if the president of CBS or the heads of casting at the agencies had simply said no on principle? There would have been no blacklist. I went to sleep and woke up having a nightmare: Sir Thomas More had come back and taken the Colgate account away from J. Walter Thompson. □

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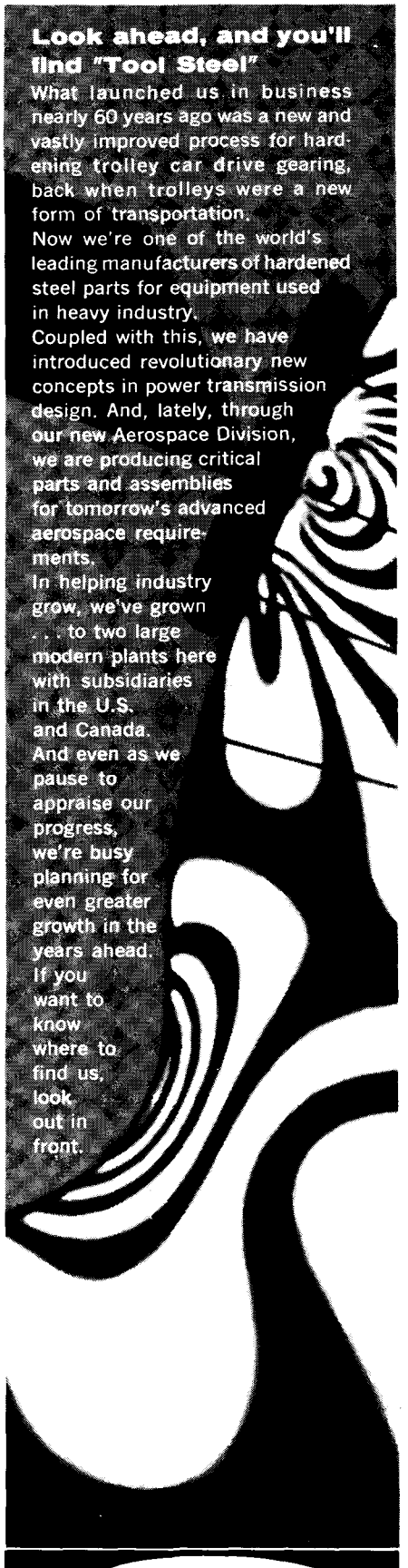
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SHAKESPEARE

(Continued from page 192)

be time when you are acting. Dress as warmly as possible off-screen and remember: It's not easy going. For every role in a porno film, there are hundreds of actors, actresses and just plain people who want that role. Yet, many of our performers have breakdowns because of the excessive artistic demands made on them; thus we have the Worn-out Porno Home. Believe me, this is not an easy life. But if you have made a good film, one that has redeeming social value, one that says something to the normal deviate . . . it's all well worth it. *(Here he broke into another fit of sneezing, thereby ending the interview.)* □

WAUGH

(Continued from page 200)

Lunches started late and lingered on until the daylight had begun to fade and the leafless boughs were black against the darkening sky. Sometimes there were *thé dansants* later, but myself I preferred the sumptuous teas of crumpets and hot scones, of thin anchovy and Gentlemen's relish sandwiches that certain dowagers proffered every Sunday.

They too were leisurely meals; one no longer brought one's hat and gloves up with one as though one had dropped in for a moment. What a lot of nourishment one did consume then; and as often as not later in the evening one of the play-producing societies—the Phoenix or the Stage Society—would be putting on a Restoration or Elizabethan play or a modern play that was having difficulties with the censor. They were usually excellent performances where first-class actors and actresses were ready to act for nominal fees in order to show actor managers what they could do in roles different from those in which they were customarily cast. I remember Isabel Jeans, who usually appeared as a black-haired vamp, astonishing and delighting us as a comedienne with a blond wig in *The Country Wife*.

All that is over now and I dare say that my children, who have houses in the country and whose weekends start with the arrival of the "Lord and Master" a little earlier than usual on the Friday night, have a livelier time of it with their cars and golf. But even so I am glad that I was a bachelor in London in the early Twenties. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

ROGER A.
FREEMAN:
[The] Crisis in [American] Education.

The campus revolution started as a movement purportedly for free speech. Before long it manifested itself in preventing all who would disagree with the militants—faculty, students or public officials—from speaking.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 176)

—to other countries, such as Algeria. The French, in particular, could capitalize on such a move very well.

As to Mr. Burnham's last question, the solution to the Middle East crisis was proposed some years ago; I'm surprised he hadn't heard of it. It is to a) seize Cyprus, b) deport the Turkish Cypriots to Turkey and the Greek Cypriots to Greece—or, let's be big about it, let them come here—and c) move Israel to Cyprus.

JEFFREY S. SAWTELLE

APO San Francisco

James Burnham said, "how about coming up with something better?" Why not seize Greece? After all, seizure of that country would gain us virtually all control of the Bosporus, a handy location to bottle up Soviet fleets. Moreover, we'd place ourselves on the "soft underbelly" of Eastern Europe. Any Russian hanky-panky toward Israel and we could hold up Soviet shipping (à la Berlin roadblocks) or let the CIA loose in Bulgaria.

Instead of hauling off two million snarling Libyans, we could gain control of Greece by simply rounding up a few military chieftains, assorted secret police types and a couple of shipping magnates, and exiling them to Spain.

In one fell swoop we could make Greece safe for democracy, checkmate the Soviets, enhance our image at the UN and stay out of the cauldron that Messrs. Benson and Burnham would have us occupy.

Albuquerque, N.M. CARL A. HANSON

In answer to Mr. Burnham's question, before we invade Libya let us try to retake, say, Westport, Conn. I respectfully suggest, sir, that if we succeed in Westport, we will not need to invade Libya.

Stamford, Conn. ELLA JACIN

The Right to Secede

It is ironic that Harry V. Jaffa ["Weathermen and Fort Sumter," Dec. 29] selected the Declaration of Independence for his ethical justification of the action taken by the U.S. Government against the Confederacy. One does not have to condone slavery in order to concede the right of secession as guaranteed by the document that Mr. Jaffa uses to condemn it.

The opening statement of the Declaration can only mean that a given group of people has the right to separate itself, with its property and possessions, from an existing polity which it finds obnoxious. To the extent that this right is the basis for the legality of our own polity, the only position that a conservative can coherently maintain is to reject the forceful reabsorption of the secessionist states.

It is embarrassing that the failure of our government under the Lincoln Administration to accept the secession makes the United States today possibly the only country in the world that is illegal by its own definition.

New York, N.Y. CHARLES M. MONROE

Dos Passos' Letters

Having read the splendid article by John Dos Passos in your February 9 issue, I realized that your readers might be able to help me.

With permission from Mrs. Dos Passos, I am preparing an edition of John Dos Passos' letters. I should be grateful for information from your readers about any of them. Please write to me at the Department of English, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas 66044.

Lawrence, Kan. MELVIN LANDSBERG

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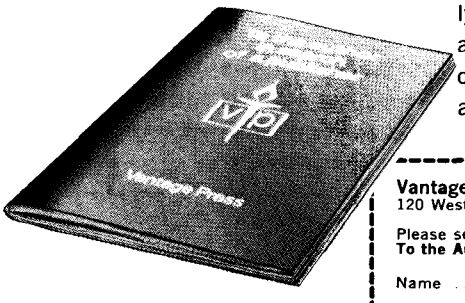

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Rhetoric or Policy?

On The Right

Bogotá, Colombia, Jan. 26—They are wondering, in Bogotá, whether the Nixon Administration has a "South American Policy." It is generally agreed that the Alliance for Progress was—a failure. That is to say, the policy toward Latin America enunciated so grandly by President John F. Kennedy, can be seen to be related historically to Allende, even as the Versailles Treaty can be seen as related to Hitler. This does not mean that Woodrow Wilson's schematic visions required Hitler, any more than the New Frontier's required the communization of Chile. Merely that although Mr. Wilson and Mr. Kennedy had quite contrary intentions, what in fact happened, was a) Hitler and now, b) Allende. Mr. Wilson's intention was to make the world safe for democracy, a vision he pursued by grand designs. Mr. Kennedy's intention was to graduate South America from reaction, to which end he launched a program designed to strengthen the hand of progressive-democratic governments, which, in Chile, led to the first democratic victory for an avowed Marxist.

Colombia is both distressed and awed by what happened. Distressed, because the leaders of both major parties in Colombia recognize that the Chilean way is not likely to produce any desirable result. Awed, because it simply isn't plain that it will prove possible, in the crucial years ahead, to resist the forces that are now convulsing Chile. The idea of the Alliance for Progress was to make economic aid available to democratic leaders in South America, such as to catapult the economies of these nations forward at a pace sufficient to satisfy the electorate that democracy plus reform is the best way out of the doldrums.

What happened in Chile hurt most, because we regarded Chile as the exemplar of progressivism. It is as though the child on whom we devoted the most attention and care had decided, upon finishing graduate school, to embrace cannibalism.

Now the first thing to learn about Latin America is that everyone there shares a single resentment: Namely, that Americans tend to lump the whole of the area together. We tend to assume that there is a homogeneity that binds all the countries in South America to a common destiny. On this point, Latin Americans speak fiercely. They ask, for instance, why it is that we do not treat Europeans in the same way. We do not, in fact, assume that that which holds true in England also holds true in Italy, or Finland. Why, then, should we assume that if Chile went so far berserk as to elect a Marxist president, it should follow that Colombia might do the same thing?

And yet, even as one agrees that there are enormous differences racial, temperamental, cultural, historic between for instance Colombia and Brazil, still we realize—as do South Americans—that there are sympathetic vibrations, such that one cannot, in thinking about Colombia, simply dismiss the Chilean experience, or for that matter the Cuban experience. The diplomatic imperative is on the one hand to recognize the individuality of Latin American countries, while coping with the great historical tug which, expressing itself in Cuba and Chile, inescapably affects the destiny of, for instance, Colombia.

PRESIDENT PASTRANA has been in office only a few months. He is, officially, a conservative. He is the last of a series of presidents who, by covenant, agreed to alternate executive power. It is as if the United States had agreed, in the late Fifties, that in order to terminate a civil war, we would agree that every odd year the President would be a Democrat and on even years, a Republican, and that meanwhile, Congress should be exactly divided between Republicans and Democrats. That may be a good way to end a civil war, but it is of course no way to achieve strategic internal harmony. It is rather like wage-price controls. What happens is that the forces of the market insist on political distinctions, so that the differences beween individual members of the same party are now at least as significant as differences between members of different parties.

And, now, the leaders of Colombia, face to face with the end of the Liberal-Conservative agreement in 1974, are girding for a showdown. There are two great magnetic fields affecting Colombian politics. One of them is Chile. Chile is the symbol of the success of iconoclastic-leftist demagogy. The other pole is: the United States. We are the symbol of total diplomatic ineptitude, combined with brilliant empirical success. I.e., the United States, without a "Latin American policy," is the country that has solved as many of the social problems as ever have been solved on the face of the earth, by rejecting Marxism. Chile is the country which, embracing Marxism, suggests to the voting masses of Latin America an exciting alternative, never mind Cuba, never mind Russia, never mind China.

The problem for Mr. Nixon is virtually insoluble. What more can he do? The Alliance for Progress didn't work, and in any case we continue to spend, in Colombia, about as much money ($100 million per year) as we did under Kennedy-Johnson. Probably Mr. Nixon should dish up some rhetoric—very important. Rhetoric satisfies urgent human needs, particularly where form means so much. (Colombian peasants who would not be able to answer the question whether Kennedy was President of the United States, or of Sears Roebuck, hang his likeness on their walls.)

It is overdue for Mr. Nixon to say something about Latin America that lifts the spirit, even as we acknowledge that the lonely fight against leftist demagogy is their fight, that we can help them, but cannot save them. □

COLOMBIA—LATIN AMERICA'S BEST BET

Bogotá, Colombia, Jan. 28—There is a protocol in Colombia (and for all I know elsewhere), that drinks must not be served until the president arrives at the party. It is said that any diplomat violating this rule during the reign of President Lleras, even if he was hours late, would have been bounced out of the country the next day.

His successor is not that way at all, and even if he is fifteen minutes late, he expects his hosts to give the guests the means to ease the agony of his absence. Even so President Pastrana, a member of the Conservative Party, is very much in command of his government, although he does not enjoy the advantages of so many other chief executives in Latin America, of dominating the Congress, or of doing away with it altogether. So that he is not in a position to count on an acquiescent Congress to enact all his reforms.

Dr. Pastrana asked me how did I account for the American Government's sur-

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prising refusal to renew for the customary length of time the coffee pact, on which the economies of Brazil and Colombia depend. I murmured something about that being Congress' decision, not Nixon's, and he sighed, recalling that soon after he came to Washington as his country's ambassador a few years ago, he found himself wondering why he had not been accredited to Congress, rather than to the President.

What Dr. Pastrana desires is a series of measures aimed at bringing employment and contentment to the dispossessed, whom he identifies as, primarily, the urban population. He cites the doubling of Bogotá's size every three years, by families fleeing the countryside for lack of employment, or for fear of guerrillas, or both. He feels that unless something is done quickly for the ghettos that surround the five major cities of Colombia, turmoil may come at the general election of 1974, when the voters are released from the seventeen-year-old pledge to alternate the presidency between the two major parties.

In anticipation of a demagogic campaign in 1974, President Pastrana has implemented an agricultural reform law which is the despair of its victims, who insist that they (as in Peru), will include not only the landowners, but the peasants. In Chile, there are fifty or sixty thousand landowners. In Colombia, there are over a million: so that (they claim) the dissolution of the farms means a formalistic rural socialism, which will dissolve the viable units—much larger than the few hectares each peasant is destined to get—which are necessary to finance the heavy machinery without which Colombian agriculture cannot compete on the world market.

In this vexed situation, the United States Government finds itself, primarily through the Agency for International Development, supporting by various moral and financial disbursements the public sector. On top of that, Colombia is a signatory to the Andean Pact, along with Uruguay, Bolivia, Chile and Peru, by which most productive enterprises in Colombia shall become, depending on the classifications, anywhere from majority owned to wholly owned by Colombians.

Now there are as many versions of the meaning of some of the escape clauses in the pact as there are lawyers in Bogotá, but it is generally agreed that it will discourage foreign investment. Why, Colombians will ask wistfully: and one finds oneself explaining, with no little embarrassment, the laws of economics, and depending on whether the conversation has been genial (almost always), or distempered (once or twice), one doesn't remark, or else one does, that there isn't after all any reason for Americans or Germans or Dutch, to send capital to a country many of whose own citizens are sending capital (yes, illegally), to Florida and Switzerland.

There still is the shadow of state socialism, and the remoter shadow of Chilean communization. Even so, Colombia is one of the best bets in Latin America. It is basically conservative, basically democratic, basically enlightened. The ghastly guerrilla wars of the Fifties are behind her. Her resources (Colombia is as large as Oklahoma, New Mexico and Texas) are extraordinary. With a market for her exports, the control of her incredible population rise, and resistance to the socialist alternative, she should make it. □

REVOLUTION IN LIMA

Lima, Peru, Feb. 1—The generals who took over the government of Peru in 1968 ousted President Belaúnde Terry and shipped him off to Spain, an indignity personal and constitutional which, except for the unpleasant aspects of the incumbent government, struck many Peruvians as a nice exercise in poetic justice, inasmuch as Belaúnde Terry himself became president after a military junta had ousted his constitutionally elected predecessor.

That sort of thing happens quite often in these parts. A junta within the military, coming to the conclusion that the democratically elected government is leading the country to perdition, takes over. Rather amiably, incidentally; or at least by the standards of the French and the Russian revolutions. With the Castroite exception, people don't tend to get killed, merely exiled; and often they turn up again, a few years later, and not unusually they have another go at politics. But this particular whirl by the Peruvian junta has worried a lot of Peruvians who in years gone by have sighed their way through coups d'état with the fortitude of a father enduring his adolescent daughter. This group, instead of doing the usual business of restabilizing the republic, is on to something. Ideology. The generals actually want to govern Peru in pursuit of a social vision which, when it is explained to you, leaves you deeply embarrassed. Not because it is a bad social vision (few social visions are), but because it fails to account sufficiently for the obtrusive realities.

One of these is that wealth cannot be created by an act of will. Another is that the lure of utopianism can be a formidable political instrument: and the generals who govern Peru are holding out visions of affluence which can only have been rivaled by the letters that the ecstatic Pizarro addressed to Charles V when he started to rake in the gold that the Incas were using, like whitewash, to decorate their public buildings.

The generals, this time around, turned sharply left, which of course accounts for the difference in the Eastern seaboard liberal attitude toward them, which is formal but pleasant—in sharp contrast to the freeze that President Kennedy imposed on the then junta of 1962. To begin with, land reform. That reform has temporarily delighted the *campesinos*: though as in Colombia, and in Chile, there will be a hangover, caused by the shortage of tools and experience, and in the case of Peru, the need to begin to repay, in bits and pieces, the money through which, theoretically, the bondholders who used to own the land will get a little compensation.

A general who is a member of the junta and an enormous enthusiast for the undertaking explains that, to be sure, about 60 per cent of the capital needed by Peru will have to come from abroad. Will it be free capital coming in? Well, he said, you need to understand that capital is "cold," and therefore much of it will have to come, in the first instance, from government, or government-supported enterprises. What if the governments don't come in and help? They will have to, he said confidently—to avoid South America turning toward "extremism." But, the visitor noted, government capital went into Chile as though the President of the United States intended personally to expiate the avarice of the *conquistadores*, and what did it avail the United States? Peru, said the general, is different. In Peru, Communism can never come, because for us, "the axis of life is the human being" (in Spanish, that kind of prose works. Lope de Vega composed one million couplets in his lifetime!)

WHAT will eventually induce private capital? The reasonableness of the government's regulations, the general explained. Look, if you want to start a match factory for $2 million, you put up the $2 million, we will let you take out the first $4 million in profit, and then you will have to sell—not give away, sell—51 per cent of your match factory to Peruvians: and then—forever—you can have 49 per cent of the profits. He looks up as pleased as Plato must have done on finishing the last sentence of *The Republic*, and one felt it almost discourteous not to plunk down $2 million on the spot.

It is a complicated thing they have undertaken. Liquidate the power of the middle and upper classes, of the Church and the landed class, of the managers and factory owners, and what you end up with is: Bolivia. The hope is that before too long the generals will once again yield power, in order to escape the fate of Frankenstein. Meanwhile there will be a scarcity of matches. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Units of work
69 93 178 118 184 148 85 10

B. A revolution that occurred in England in the late 1700s
80 52 91 146 170 196 199 1 204 208

C. A federal function that *is* constitutional
102 77 175 86 159 12

D. Workers who want to preserve the Union in a constructive way
104 161 89 114 123 182 137 13

E. The length of a day
113 25 162 143 205 50 16 168 191 9

F. A branch of the national government
128 2 29 37 55 46 51 56 90 94

G. A temporary wooden brace used in shipbuilding (sounds like an angry apostle)
115 109 121 132 142
130 149 119 40 180 110 124 71 213

H. What the laborers in the vineyard wanted for the eleventh hour
158 211 92 112 117 95 166 194

I. Another name for the Spice Islands
3 198 67 30 33 164 47 59

J. Labor paid for at a rate based on the amount done
167 176 45 20 14 103 5 134 200

K. This results when large numbers of people are thrown out of work (according to Coolidge)
174 35 11 193 63 73 108 173 183 201
22 31

L. One of Harriet Beecher Stowe's characters
207 41 187 160 105 210

M. A labor statesman (1850-1924)
214 34 98 138 144 169 186 188 181 7
19 64 75

N. The boss' assistants
8 152 17 140 107 150 139 43 206 83
133

O. A fundamental freedom which few "liberals" espouse
38 72 88 97 6 28 53 49 65 57
81

P. A type of labor contract which few "conservatives" espouse
48 42 74 209 165 126 15 135 26

Q. Foolish
54 195 197 179 18 58

R. Where Harold Stassen is going
4 171 153 27 60 202 212

S. Domestic; not foreign
84 61 96 154 120 125 32 106 163

T. Unscramble AD LIB OVER
116 79 127 189 99 23 172 111 66

U. A city in Cheshire, England
141 190 24 100 131 156

V. A small isolated mass of one type of tissue within a different type
151 70 129 39 122

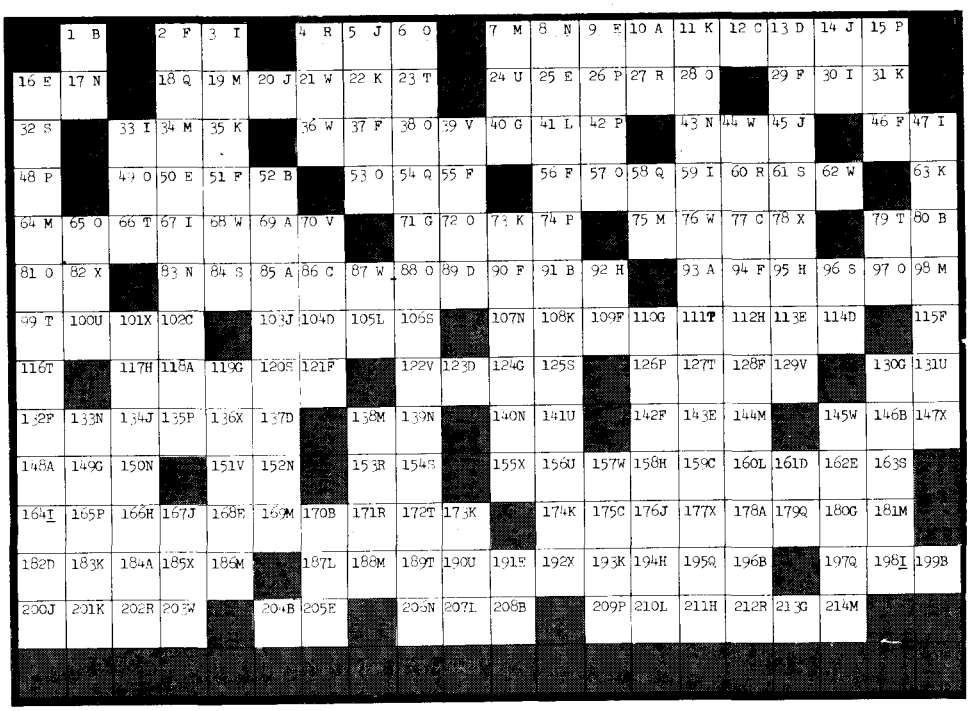
W. Random fluctuations in the emission of electronics from a hot cathode
203 44 21 62 68 145 36 76 157 87

X. A member of a religious sect that perpetuates the *first* name of its founder
78 82 102 136 177 185 101 147 155

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 214 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.



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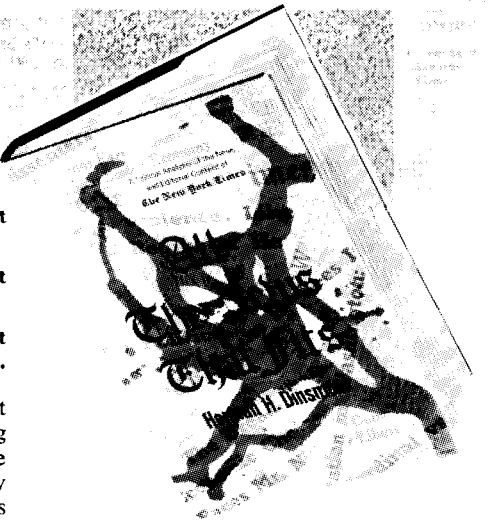

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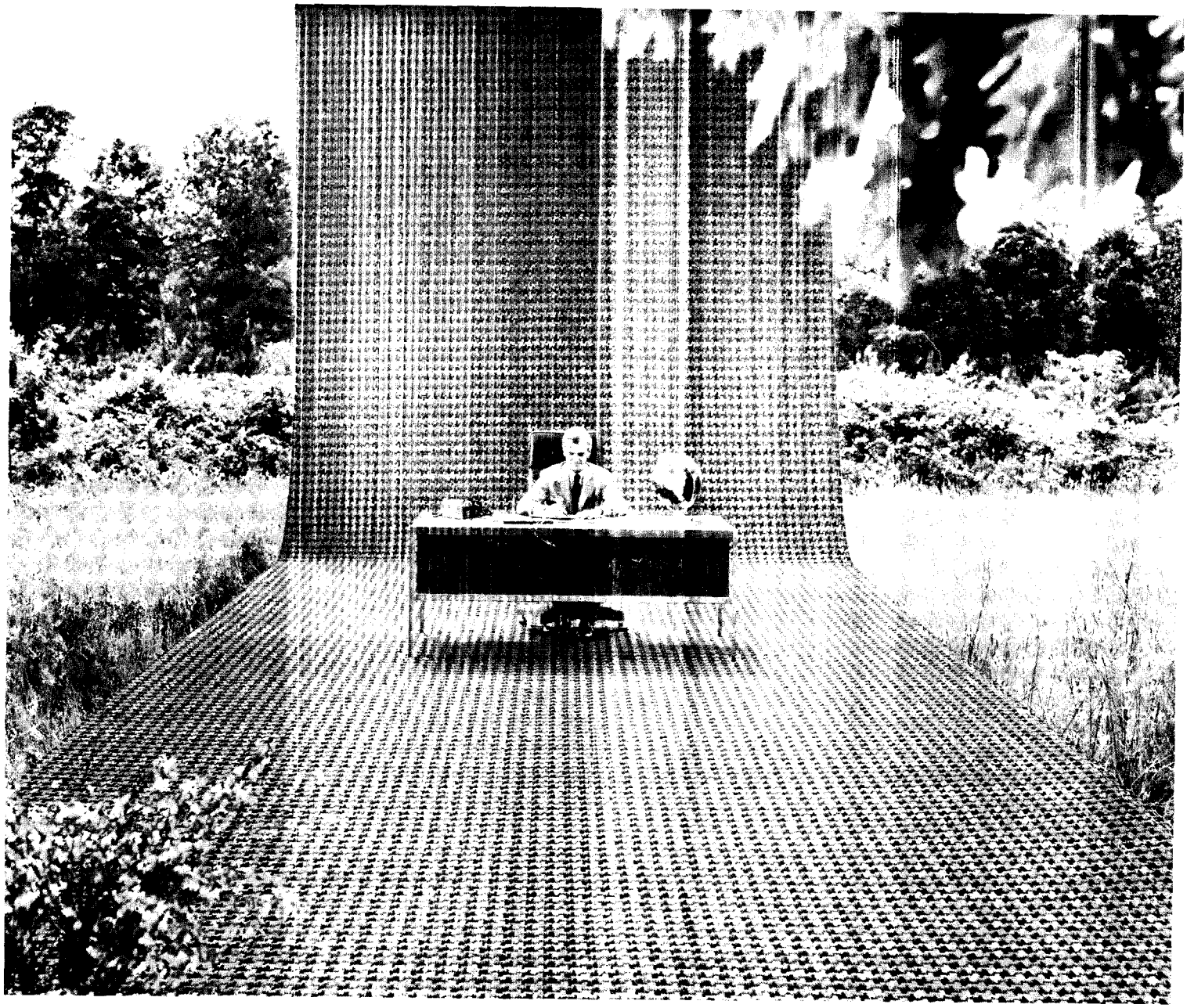

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